

# *The* American Girl

15 cents a copy

*For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

\$1.50 a year



"A GIRL SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ALL"

**Beginning—"The Secret Cargo," by Clarice Detzer**

*A Serial of Adventure in a Lighthouse*

**JUNE**

**1926**

Behind the scenes!—who has not thrilled to the smell of grease paint and to the excitement of the gathering audience just before the curtain goes up for a school play or home dramatics? This is just such a breathless moment when the make-up man is finishing up and Dee is wondering what can have become of Sallie since their quarrel by the stream. From "The Batik Scarf" by Inez Haynes Irwin in July

"A professional from Boston was making the girls up"



## All the Well-Known Writers Are Now in *The American Girl*

### In July— Inez Haynes Irwin

Inez Haynes Irwin makes her bow to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—in July. Many of you know her "Phoebe and Ernest"; "Maida's Little House" and "Maida's Little Shop"; and you will thrill over "The Batik Scarf."

"I don't remember when I didn't want to write," Mrs. Irwin says. "When I was seven or eight I surprised my mother with verses like this:

The sky is blue  
And I am true."

At school she "adored" compositions, and when she went to Radcliffe to college, she joyously elected daily themes. After college she wrote prodigiously. At one time she wrote twenty-six short stories in twenty-six days. They were only first drafts to be revised, but they were the "makings."

After college there were three years of teaching in the winter and story-telling in the summer. Then the war, and she accompanied her new husband, Will Irwin, to the French front and to the Italian front.



Inez Haynes Irwin

Now she spends her time between New York and Scituate. And she is now writing a new story for girls. "Every incident in my household suggests a plot," she says.

### Watch for These Writers —In the Summer Months

**Ernest Thompson Seton**—Two girls, the daughters of a great war chief, might have their dearest wish on the day of their betrothal. They were "The Peace Daughters of Capilano" and theirs is a story of tenderness and adventure.

**Margaret Widdemer** in "Eileen and the Golden Helen" tells of two girls who found romance and glamor and thrills in a deserted house.

**Samuel Scoville, Jr.** writes more of his breath-taking animal stories—and Charles Livingston Bull will illustrate them.

**Clarice Detzer's *The Secret Cargo*** is even more exciting in July. "Who is your father?" the captain of the Coast Guard accusingly asks the bewildered Susan. Even Ann's father suspects his daughter's friend. Long waits in the darkness, flashing lights across the water, strange whispered conversations, boats from the sea—all these bring danger to the two girls in the lonely lighthouse, and make "The Secret Cargo" as exciting as any serial we have ever published. And you will want to sharpen your wits to solve its mystery.

### In July— Other Exciting Stories

**THE PRINCE OF SILVER BEACH** was the most interesting man the girls had met. Certainly he had the most charming manners. "A real Russian Prince," Adelaide whispered to Peggy as she turned down Frank's invitation for a date and went off to dance with the stranger. Only Cathy wasn't impressed by him. The gay story of a girl who didn't trouble to cultivate a "line."

**HAUNTED HOUSES**—Doesn't the very thought send delicious shivers up your spine? Creaking floors, a hidden packet and a ghost who walked to save the honor of his house—all these are in a hair-raising ghost story that you will want to retell around the campfire this summer.

**SIMONE BAPTISTE** is a heroine of the North woods—a shy little French girl who knew the terrors of a forest fire. She was too shy to join the Girl Scout patrol who camped near her home, but her courage flamed high when her friends were in danger.

**THE MERRY MAIDS OF ROBIN HOOD** come singing onto our pages in July, in quest of the new archery badge, of course. There are stories of archery at camp, of Robin Hood pageants, and suggestions for improving your own aim. And on our cover—but wait and see.



## GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT



### WIG-WAGS

*Naming the Cover*

### In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store—where a special department awaits you.

**ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.**  
BROOKLYN

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#### Girl Scouts, Attention!

We want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

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Washington, D. C.

### In Cincinnati—

#### Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store.

**The Bolles-Brendamour Company**

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THERE was quite a difference of opinion at National Headquarters in the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL about what to call this month's cover. To be sure, it illustrates the Law, "A Girl Scout is a friend to all"—but some of us thought it could be called "Exams" and the rest left to the imagination.

#### *Aerial Plane Mail from Central Point, Ore.*

One morning a friend of ours down in the Registration Department telephoned up to THE AMERICAN GIRL office in some excitement. "I've just opened a large envelope," she related, "carrying a stamp of the Aerial Plane Mail. Inside is the Registration sheet of Troop 1, in Central Point, Ore. That is the first troop on record to register by Aerial Mail!"

#### *Girl Scouts and the Earthquake in Santa Barbara, Calif.*

The challenge to preparedness is ever unheralded, and the splendid way in which the Girl Scouts of Santa Barbara, Calif., responded to the sudden needs of their city following the earthquake of June twenty-ninth, last year, will be a never-failing memory to all who came in contact with them. In the first place, they aided the Western Union Telegraph Company in delivering the thousands of telegrams that poured in to residents of the stricken city.

The attractive Club House, built for the Girl Scouts by Mrs. F. F. Peabody, was immediately turned into a Relief center under the auspices of the Red Cross. The activities here consisted not only in giving out food supplies and rendering first aid, but also in having an employment bureau for women and in loaning tents to homeless families.

In addition, some of the older Girl Scouts went about the neighborhood offering to help in the construction of temporary out of door fireplaces, while others served the Red Cross as aides at its headquarters and at the canteens.

During the rest of the summer the Girl Scouts held a Beach Camp open from nine to five, instead of their regular Summer Camp—thus giving \$500.00 to relief work.

### In Indianapolis—

Girl Scouts will naturally secure all their equipment from

**L. S. Ayres & Company**

### In Boston—

Official Headquarters in  
**BOSTON**  
for Scout Apparel  
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

**Jordan Marsh Company**

### In Scranton—

#### Girl Scouts, Listen!

When in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

**Samter Bros. Co.**  
Scranton, Pa.

### In St. Paul—

Official Headquarters in  
Saint Paul, Minnesota

*The Golden Rule*

### In Newburgh—

Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform  
Or Other Equipment

Go to **STERN'S**  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

*Patronize the equipment agent in your town*

## MIDDIES FOR TENNIS

WHEN our national woman's singles champion steps out on the tennis court, she wears a crisp white middy. The middy has become as much a part of her tennis equipment as her famous eyeshade. And what could be a more practical and appropriate costume for tennis than a white middy. Especially if it is a Man O' War Middy which always fits well and gives the wearer perfect freedom for play.

The Man O' War Middy is favored by thousands of Girl Scouts for camp, gym and school wear, as well as tennis, because it is an attractive and becoming garment. No pinning the sides in when you wear a Man O' War. The sloped sides make it fit over the hips like the bark fits a straight young tree. The Man O' War Middy is beautifully tailored throughout with a convenient tie loop and a handy pocket. It is made with a generously wide hem at the bottom so that it can be worn three ways—straight down, bloused or "co-ed" style.

The Man O' War Middy is moderately priced at \$1.50 (\$1.75 west of the Mississippi) in snow white Super-Jean. Read the list of stores below and if none of these is near you we will be glad to see that you are supplied.

### BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.

*Originators of the Sloped Side Middy*

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*This label is a sign of quality—Look for it.*



## EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM

### *A few of the stores where Man O' War Middies are sold*

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		Yonkers, New York . . . . .	Marshall Matheson Co.



THERE is a never-failing interest for us all in the girls of other countries. What do they enjoy doing? Do they like to camp? And when they do, do they live in tents or shacks or what? Do they go hiking? Do they climb mountains, if there are mountains to climb?

And—when you are a Girl Scout—you add, "What do they do at their troop meetings?" For one of the most interesting parts about belonging to the Girl Scouts is being part of an international sisterhood, of being able to write to some girl in a far-away country and at once feel that you are her friend, even though you may never see her. This is the reason why every March, the International issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is so warmly welcomed. This is the reason why it is such fun holding International troop meetings and imagining that we actually are traveling to those far-away lands which call to us. And now a new experience awaits us. In the month of May, the leaders of these distant girls who are our friends are coming to this country, to be our guests here and to camp with our own leaders, for an International Camp.

The International Camp itself is not new. But this is the first time it has ever been held in the United States. Those of you who were Girl Scouts two years ago will remember the International Camp which was held in England, at Foxlease, that beautiful International Home which belongs to us all and which any of us may visit, at any time when we go to England. That summer, girls as well as their leaders gathered at Foxlease.

Everyone wishes it had been possible to have the girls come to us, this May, as well as their leaders. But since the distance is so great and the United States is so many hundred miles from

## Along the Editor's Trail

### *Welcome to Our International Guests.*

most of the other countries who are represented on our International Council, this is not possible. Yet we are very happy that the leaders, themselves, will come to us. Nor will their girls, our far-away sisters, be forgotten. The greetings, the news which will be brought to us, will be from the girls whom our guests will have so recently left. The plans which will be discussed at Camp Edith Macy will be for girls around the world. Girls—girls—girls—around the world! It is a stirring thought!

Because this will be the first visit to our country of a number of our guests, we are planning for them as extended a glimpse of it as time will permit. Their trip will include a visit to Boston and

Cedar Hill, the beautiful camp of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts. They will be present at the annual Review of the Massachusetts girls, where they will

have the same thrill as did our National Convention delegates a year ago of seeing hundreds of Girl Scouts in their annual contests, their singing, and their folk dancing.

Back, then, to our National Capital, where Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Chairman of our National Executive Board, and the Washington Girl Scout Council will be their hostesses. Here they will be greeted by the President, and by our Washington Girl Scouts, as well. Not only will they visit our National buildings—they will be taken as guests to our Little House.

New York next, and our lovely new Camp Edith Macy. Awaiting them at the camp will be many Girl Scout leaders from all parts of this country. Perhaps someone from your town is planning to be there—ask your Captain. If she is, by all means invite her to a troop meeting upon her return.

Those of you who have been at Camp Andrée can imagine for yourselves the scene of this memorable camp. For our Camp Edith Macy for Girl Scout leaders is Camp Andrée's next-door neighbor. There will be early morning greetings, in the beautiful, tree-crowned hills of Westchester County. There will be "colors," with the flags of all nations, massed. There will be animated meal-time talk. There will be meetings, at some of which distinguished speakers will be with us, at others of which plans for the girls around the world will be discussed. There will be camp-fires, that magic time, when around the fire visitors and hostesses will join in the songs of the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of

(Continued on page 42)



Last year—in Norway, a Norwegian Guider greeting a Girl Scout Captain from the United States. This year—in the United States, a Girl Scout Captain will greet a Norwegian Guider

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## Mary Sets the Table

By DAVID MORTON

She brings such gay and shining things to pass,  
 With delicate, deft fingers that are learned  
 In ways of silverware and cup and glass,  
 Arrayed in ordered patterns, trimly turned;—  
 And never guesses how this subtle ease  
 Is older than the oldest tale we tell,  
 This gift that guides her through such tricks as these—  
 And my delight in watching her, as well.

She thinks not how this art with spoon and plate,  
 Is one with ancient women baking bread:  
 An epic heritage come down of late  
 To slender hands, and dear, delightful head,—  
 How Trojan housewives vie in serving me,  
 Where Mary sets the table things for tea.

*From Ships in Harbour*  
 Published by Putnam



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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Helen Ferris, Editor

June, 1926

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*A stirring tale of adventure in which two girls, a lighthouse and a strangely disappearing packet of mail play leading parts*

Illustrations  
by  
Edward C. Caswell



"It's for the coast guard station, right alongside your lighthouse"

THE east Michigan coast dripped with fog. In the harbor town of Whitefish, electric lights were burning at four o'clock in the afternoon, and a thin, wet mist, blown in on a wind from Lake Michigan, drenched the faces of men and women in the street. Near the center of the town, in an upper room of a three-story house, two girls prepared for departure from Whitefish that evening on a Bay Line steamer.

Ann Anderson was the older of the two. Her father, Chris Anderson, was keeper of the government lighthouse on Four Wind Island, seventy miles north on the lake.

"I'm ready," she said, and looked at her watch. "Four-ten, Susan. We'll have to walk fast."

## The Secret Cargo

By CLARICE DETZER

### CHAPTER I

#### *Mail for the Coast Guard*

Susan Lafitte opened the big drawers of a ponderous old bureau, made sure again that they were empty, and rolled them shut for the last time. She gave the high closet shelves another hurried exploration, then crossed to the bed where her leather suitcase lay open. She pressed down its

bulging contents, punching impatiently here and there. "Let me do it," said Ann Anderson unexcitedly, and closed the case with the help of her left knee.

They stood in the center of the room gazing almost regretfully at the four yellow walls that had sheltered them all winter and spring. The room looked barren without their own belongings to dress it up. When they had come to the women's lodging house to live at the beginning of

the fall term in the Whitefish High School, these had seemed unhappy quarters. Now, with only five minutes to stay, they hated to leave.

"The dray man came fifteen minutes ago for the trunks," Ann said. "We'd better start. It's six blocks to the piers."

She was a tall, straight girl, with blue eyes and corn colored hair. Her skin had tanned a dark, almost Indian brown in the wind. She was staunch in her shoulders and arms. Easily, if she wished, she could pick Susan Lafitte from her feet and carry her. On her head she wore a man's shapeless rubber sou'wester, and an oilskin poncho over her shoulders. Her voice, when she spoke, was usually so slow that Susan Lafitte, being impatient to have any matter done, more than once would finish her sentences for her.

"I'd wear that oilskin, instead of carrying it," Ann said, pointing. "You'll need it."

Susan Lafitte put on the garment reluctantly. She did not look so well in rough weather clothes as Ann did, and she knew Ann knew it. She preferred soft materials for herself, lace and silk and furs that could give soft lines. She was smaller than Ann, a full head shorter, with no sign of the out of doors about her. Instead of Ann's slow voice, Susan possessed an impish tongue that ticked like a clock.

"I'll wear it," she agreed, "but I'd rather get wet!"

The two girls had known each other for nine months. They had come to Whitefish in September, when High School opened for the year, Ann to the mainland from her father's remote lighthouse; Susan, whose mother had died the year before, from California, which to Ann seemed just as remote. Now, on this evening of the nineteenth of June, their junior terms finished, Ann was taking Sue to spend part of her summer vacation at the lighthouse. The steamer was due to sail at five thirty. It would lie part of the night at little ports along the coast, loading and unloading freight, and at daybreak would reach Four Wind Island.

It was a long journey by water from Whitefish. There were other ways of reaching the lighthouse, but all of them more tedious. For instance, one could go overland, up the coast of Whitefish Bay to Cabbage Point, and there wait for the lighthouse's small boat. Four Wind Island, of the Windy Island group, lying seventy miles slightly west of north from the city of Whitefish, was only a straight eighteen miles from Cabbage Point.

Ann had started to school in Cabbage Point. It was a fishing village only — a dozen houses, one store, a country school, a dock that the ice pushed out every winter. Its only importance lay in the significant fact that it connected by submarine telephone with the government reservations on Four Wind Island.

"This way," Ann said as they climbed down from the third floor to the street, "and, Susan, you can't stop anywhere."

"For anything!" Susan Lafitte laughed. She always thought of something she wanted very much to buy when Ann was in a hurry to get somewhere. "Let's cross the street," she said, "I like that better."

Ann crossed the street. It

made no difference, they had to cross sooner or later. Afterward Ann, who had a contemplative mind, often wondered what would have happened had they walked down the east side of the street that evening instead of the west. For it was because they did not walk on the west, at Susan Lafitte's suggestion, that they encountered all the strange adventures, all the heartache, and the fright that pursued them through the next week.

Ann was well acquainted in the town of Whitefish. Merchants had known her since she was a little girl, who came in eagerly with her father, seventy miles in a gas boat, to do the month's marketing for the lighthouse reservation. The two girls had arrived just opposite the door of the post-office when a man hurried down the stone steps. He stumbled uncertainly through the fog. It was Ben Lafferty, the postmaster. Two yards away, he made out the girls.

"Hello, Ann Anderson!" he shouted. Then, after a moment, "Going home? Here . . . some mail came in today for your father. Can you take it out?" The girls stopped. "I was just starting down to the dock to ask the captain of the boat to take it, but if you're going yourself, that's so much the better."

"Certainly. Be glad to, Mr. Lafferty."

"And this bundle, too," the postmaster added, peering through the mist into the girls' wet faces. He produced a package from under his arm. "It's for the coast guard station, right alongside your lighthouse."

Ann took the package. It was a thick, square bundle of papers and letters, larger than the one for her father. She put down her suitcase as soon as the postmaster was gone, to rest a minute from its weight.

"Let me carry one bundle," suggested Susan. "My bag is lighter."

"Oh, no . . ." Ann straightened up. "Susan!" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"A man, there!" Susan whispered.

Lounging near the lamppost, half concealed in fog, was a small sour-faced, sullen individual in a seaman's cap. Rays from the lamp shone dimly against his face, revealing to the astonished girls a pair of malevolent eyes that in the poor light looked greenish. Apparently he had been listening to the postmaster's conversation. Ann stared at him hard.

She never had seen him before that she could remember, and certainly she would be sure to remember such an ugly creature. He was a chunky man, with legs too short for the rest of him. He sidled away into the fog after Susan cried out. His legs, walking, acted even more queerly than they had looked standing. The left was shorter, and bent out, the right slightly thicker and bent in.

"What a terrible looking man!" Susan exclaimed.

"A tramp sailor, I judge," Ann answered. "Come, Susan, we'll have to hurry!"

Fog hung thickly along the pier. Electric lights pricked thinly through it. The Bay Line steamer was not yet in as Ann Anderson and Susan Lafitte hurried out along the slippery planks toward the long cargo warehouse. From the dockmaster, who sat on a high stool in a crowded little office,



they bought tickets for Four Wind Village, the fishing community on Four Wind Island, near the lighthouse. Here it was that the Bay Line steamer called when the weather permitted, to put off all passengers and freight for the island.

Tonight she was very late. At twenty minutes past six, she poked out of the fog, nosed up to the pier with gentle precision, and her gangplank slammed down noisily. Ann and Susan crossed it immediately.

Once aboard, Susan seemed to breathe with relief. Almost shamefacedly she mentioned the stranger who had watched them in the fog.

"Think he's sailing on this?" she asked.

"Nonsense!" Ann answered. "Of course not, but what if he were? I've traveled on worse looking boats than this with my father. An ore carrier once, with every sailor aboard looking like a cut-throat, and nothing ever happened to us." She stopped abruptly, after mentioning her father. After a pause she asked with determination, "Susan, where is your father?"

"I don't know," Susan answered.

They had halted at the rail, forward of the pilothouse, and were peering back at the town, which was setting sparks of light in its windows for the evening. Ann did not speak for a moment. She knew very little of Sue's father, had seen him only twice. He was a big man with grave eyes and a quiet voice, who always seemed to be very busy. But what he was busy about, Susan did not tell. He wore better clothes than any man Ann ever had known. Not neater clothes; Ann recollected with pride the neatness of the lighthouse service uniforms. But Mr. Lafitte's clothes were different, cut better, for one thing.

Although he had put Sue in the high school in Whitefish, he did not live there himself. Once a month, sometimes more frequently, he sailed into the pier in a small boat, stayed a few hours, and departed as mysteriously as he had come. Susan had expected him that last day of school and had been disappointed. She had left word where she had gone with the matron of the rooming house.

"I don't know just where he is," she repeated. She spoke gravely. "I don't even know why we are in Michigan. We were so comfortable in California. Every Saturday night he got in from his lumber camp up the coast. Then suddenly he decided to come here. Every time I ask him why, all he will say is 'business'. But here we are . . . Why it's been months and months, and still I don't know what he's doing. I wish he had come today."

"Don't cry about it," Ann said, and changed the subject. "Let's go to our stateroom," she suggested, "and put on some heavier clothes. We'll need them tonight."

They passed aft along the deck. The rail of the steamer thrust up ten feet above the pier below them. The two girls leaned over interestedly for a moment to watch the progress of loading at the gangplank. Indian stevedores with iron hand-trucks were trundling crates of early cherries into the hold, while the first officer of the steamer stood close by with notebook and pencil, checking the cargo.

Ann started. Behind the first officer, a crowd of dock roustabouts were standing idly. A little farther off, eyeing her sharply, she made out the malevolent face of the short-legged man who had watched them in the fog.

## CHAPTER II

### *Into the Fog*

The Bay Line steamer *Dancing Moon*, upon which Ann Anderson and Susan Lafitte had taken passage, was a short, broad-waisted, top-heavy vessel, built to accommodate

large cargoes of apples on windy fall runs. She carried small accommodation for passengers, merely a double row of cramped staterooms upon her upper deck, a galley of sorts where plain meals were cooked, and an ill lighted dining salon between the officers' quarters and the store rooms. It was not a large boat, but it was comfortable enough for the short trip and safe.

Ann, who had traveled often on the boat, led Susan Lafitte down the brass bound treads of the companion, across the stuffy cabin with its red plush furniture, and along the narrow passage between staterooms. The door to their own quarters stood open, the key in its lock.

The berths, ranged one above



"Susan, where is your father?"

the other, were neatly made up with clean white linen. The paint of the low ceiling boards had been scrubbed to a spotless white. The *Dancing Moon* was a clean, tidy craft at least.

"Better wrap up warm," Ann spoke with the authority of one who has lived long on the upper Great Lakes. "The little breeze that came up with the dusk may blow away the fog, but it means more wind before long, and night winds are cold on the open water. I'd put a sweater under that slicker, we may have some spray."

The whistle blew steamily, gave a last snort to warn of its departure, and in a moment the whole boat rumbled with the metallic clang of the gang plank drawing in from the dock. Susan Lafitte sat unhappily on the edge of the lower bunk, still with tears in her eyes. Ann looked at her with pity. What did it matter where her father was or what he did for a living?

"Come on," she cried cheerily. "Let's hurry up and watch her leave dock!"

Fog hit their faces like a cold wet sponge as they ran up to deck. Captain Merryman, master of the *Dancing*

(Continued on page 38)

# The Deserted Adobe

By MARGARET

Illustrations by

*A new adventure story of Cactus Kate and Dennis and Peggy and Peggy's cousin Elsie, who learned that being a good pal meant also being a good sport*

**E**LSIE GREENLEAF was Peggy Austin's cousin, and she had come to spend the winter with the Austins. She was a pretty, delicate girl a year older than Peggy, a good deal spoiled by an indulgent father.

The rambling California ranch house seemed very strange to Elsie after the big, luxurious Baltimore home, and at first she was inclined to be patronizing toward this new life. She was continually comparing the low ceilinged, wood-panelled bedroom and sleeping porch she shared with Peggy, with her own delicately tinted ivory and blue room at home. And Peggy's friends were so different from the boys and girls she had known in the East! Anne Merton, Dennis and Diana Harwood—slim, brown, muscular young creatures—seemed to want to spend all their time out of doors. They talked of tennis and riding and basket-ball, of their dogs and horses, of orange crops and frosts and droughts, just as at home Elsie's friends talked of dancing and bridge and picture shows they especially liked.

Sweet-tempered Peggy only laughed at Elsie's eastern "airs," as she called them; and the two cousins grew fond of each other. But Anne and Dennis and his sister Diana—better known as Cactus Kate—complained bitterly at having to include Elsie in their outings.

"She's simply going to spoil the winter," groaned Anne. "Unless she gets some sense beaten into her," said Cactus Kate thoughtfully. Her eyes began to twinkle. "Do you remember how you girls hated me last year, Anne? I was as bad as Elsie, I suppose. Only instead of looking down on all of you, I was afraid you were looking down on me."

"You were never sniffling and patronizing like Elsie," protested Anne loyally. "The only person she ever tries to be agreeable to is Dennis. I think she really admires your brother, my child."

Cactus Kate laughed. "Just because Dennis isn't impressed with her," she said.

But Anne Merton was nearer right than even she imagined. From the beginning Dennis Harwood with his fine, grave face and level gray eyes had seemed a romantic figure to Elsie. Even the shabbiness of his khaki riding things could not hide his distinction, and Elsie had to confess to herself that his manners would have given points to most of the young men she had known at home.

She was always her best and simplest with Dennis, and he treated her with grave courtesy; yet she could see quite plainly that he looked on her only as Peggy's cousin. With Peggy he was quite different. He argued and teased and played games with Peggy, choosing her quite frankly from among the other girls as his special companion. It was



*The pretty Spanish girl who opened the door was not recommending the road*

always Peggy who suggested Elsie's being included in their games and their outings, and this was a bitter pill for Elsie, for she wanted Dennis to think of her as Elsie Greenleaf, not merely as the Austins' Baltimore cousin.

"I wonder what Hugh Sterrett would think if he saw me having to take a back seat in favor of Peggy," thought Elsie a little jealously. At once a more generous impulse made her ashamed of herself. "It isn't Peggy's fault," she reminded herself. "Peggy's a dear."

As if she had said the worlds aloud, Peggy glanced up at that moment and smiled at her cousin. The Harwoods had come to tea, and they were planning some sort of trip for the next day.

"I've got to go over and look at Matt Barnes' bees," said Dennis. "It's a worse road than the one up to our place, but the drive is very pretty and I thought we might make a picnic of it if you and Di could come."

"And Elsie, too," said Peggy quickly.

"Don't bother about taking me," said Elsie proudly.

"But I meant you, too, if you'd care to come," said Dennis gravely. "You won't mind if the road's rough?"

Elsie would have given anything to have been strong-minded enough to refuse; but she wanted to go so badly, and as Cactus Kate and Peggy added with cordial insistence, "Of course you must come, Elsie," her pride melted and she said almost shyly, "I'd like to come if there's room and you want me."

"Good," said Dennis, smiling at her. "Then I'll pick you up as I come by, and we can stop for Di and Peggy at school."

"Wear your oldest things, Elsie," Peggy counselled as she started off to school the next morning. "It's an awfully rough road up to Matt's and we may have to walk part of the way."

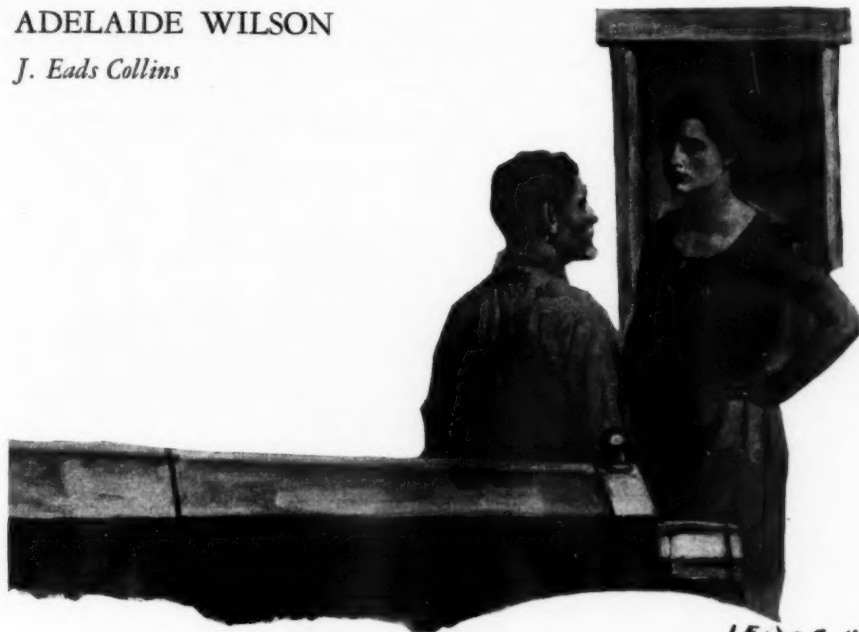
"I shan't do any walking," said Elsie airily. And at two o'clock she was ready, dressed in her prettiest silk jersey, her feet in trim pumps. She was rewarded by Dennis's look of friendly approval and they started off in good spirits.

When they reached the school they found that Peggy and Diana could not go, for a basket-ball practice had been called for that afternoon.

"We can put off the trip till tomorrow," said Dennis

## ADELAIDE WILSON

J. Eads Collins



J EADS COLLINS

promptly, looking at Peggy. Peggy shook her head regretfully.

"Anne wants us every afternoon this week," she said. "You go on with Elsie and you can take us up some other time. Got the tea basket?"

"It's in the back," said Cactus Kate. She gave her brother a secret admonishing pat as she saw him still hesitate. "Be careful and don't wreck Elsie on that road," she said. "And have a good time, my children, while we work."

Elsie would not have admitted it, but she was secretly glad to have Dennis to herself this afternoon. She felt that they would surely be friends if he could once see that she was a real person and not merely Peggy's cousin. She did her best to be jolly and interesting, and they were soon talking like old friends as the big weatherbeaten car hummed its way across the valley toward the rocky southern hills.

They struck into a small glen between two arms of hills, and here at the foot of a steep and very narrow road Dennis stopped to inquire the way. Elsie watched him talking to the pretty Spanish girl who opened the door for him, and somehow their gestures told her that the girl was not recommending the road.

"Is it as bad as it looks?" she asked rather uneasily when Dennis came back to the car.

"Just as bad," he answered. "Matt Barnes doesn't have a car, so he doesn't keep the road up. But the girl says we can make it if we're careful. Or would you rather leave the car here and walk up? It's only three miles."

"I am not crazy about walking," Elsie objected. "Anyway, I haven't walking shoes." She thrust out a slender foot and Dennis, after a glance at the thin silk stockings and shining pumps, slipped under the wheel and started up.

By the time they had rounded the second curve of the rutted and rock-strewn track Elsie would have been glad to walk. It was dreadful to curl around those hairpin turns where the rear wheels kept scrambling desperately for a footing. Elsie was on the outside and her frightened eyes kept searching for some ledge or bush that might stop the car if it went rolling into the canyon below them.

"We'll make it all right," said Dennis encouragingly. And they did, coming out suddenly on a high plateau. Fold on fold of hills lay about and beyond them. Ahead the road wound steeply down into a green little valley through which a small stream ran, oozing out from a spring in the farther hillside. In a thick clump of live oaks on the opposite hill was a small cabin, and above the cabin a long terrace filled with white bee-hives.

"That's Matt Barnes' house yonder," said Dennis.

"What a lonely place!" shivered Elsie.

"That's because the clouds have come over the sun," said Dennis. "How quickly they've gathered! There'll be rain before night."

"Hadn't we better hurry, then?" Elsie asked anxiously. "Why did you stop your motor here?"

"It stopped itself," He put his foot on the starter, but though he turned it vigorously there was no response from the motor.

"Odd, isn't it? It sounds as if there were no gas, yet I filled the tank just before I started.

"You'd better look and see if there's gas," said Elsie tartly. Her nerves still tingled from the fright of that awful grade. Dennis flushed at her tone, but he slipped out and went to study the gas tank.

"Sorry," he said grimly as he came back. "The tank's empty. The pet cock had got caught on some brush, I suppose, and turned and all the gas has leaked out."

"But what will you do?" asked Elsie blankly. If Peggy had asked that question at all she would have said, "What shall we do?" but poor Elsie could not know that.

"If you'll wait here I'll go down to the ranch at the foot of the grade and get some gas," said Dennis coldly. "Or you can come too if you like."

"Six miles? No, thank you. Why don't you see if Mr. Barnes has some gas? It's ever so much nearer."

"He wouldn't likely have gas when he has no car. I'm sure of it at the other place. I saw the tank back of the house. If you want to wait here I'll put up the top and you'll be snug even if it does rain. I can make it in an hour and a half with luck."

Elsie cast a swift glance at the chaparral-covered hills, every line of them unfamiliar to her city-bred eyes. Then she glanced at Dennis. He had a smudge of motor oil across his thin cheek and somehow that smudge made her feel superior.

"Never mind the top," she said in a sweetly patronizing tone. "If it rains I'll go on to the Barnes cabin. I suppose it's all right."

"All right?" Dennis repeated.

"Clean and nice."

Dennis looked at her. It was an impressive look in spite of the smudge on his cheek, and Elsie felt that he set her down as a snob. She flushed and climbed into the car. Where was the harm of asking? she thought indignantly. She couldn't know what the Barnes cabin was like.

But Dennis still lingered. Perhaps it was the sight of that bright bobbed head against a background of wild hills and wilder clouds that made him solicitous. He did not approve of Elsie, but he had a chivalrous heart and he hated leaving her alone.

"Would you like me to walk over to Matt's with you now?" he asked. "It will be less lonely for you."

"No, thank you," she answered stiffly. "I have a new magazine and I'd rather stay here and read. No, don't stop to put the top up. We'll be here a week if you don't hurry."

"Very well," he said quietly, and turned away. She watched his straight, young figure disappear around the first curve. She was alone, more alone than she had ever been in her sheltered life before.

"But there's no danger, and he'll soon be back," she told herself, and opening her magazine, she began to read.

Presently a shadow fell across the page. Looking up she saw a new and forbidding landscape. Heavy clouds rested on the hill tops and the still air was pungent with sage. It was a strange, brooding stillness, as if a thunderstorm might be brewing. Yet who ever heard of a thunderstorm in November? thought Elsie.

It was surely going to rain, though, and she climbed out of the car and tried to lift the heavy top. It was beyond her skill to raise it, and she was finally forced to give it up. When a big raindrop splashed on her nose she glanced down the green valley and across at the distant cabin among the liveoaks. Matt Barnes' house looked very far away, but it promised shelter. As the rain drops fell thicker and faster she started down the rough trail toward the valley.

Then she saw that there was a house in the valley, too. The corner of its white-washed wall showed among a clump of willows, and back of it was a screen of Monterey cypresses, black against the brown hill. A deep swale with a trickling stream separated the house from the trail, a rickety foot-bridge spanning the creek.

"That would be nearer than the Barnes', but it doesn't look very cheerful," thought Elsie with a little shiver. She looked back at the car, half minded to go back and curl up under the rug till Dennis appeared; but just then a jagged fork of lightning pierced the clouds in the north, followed after a long interval by a distant roll of thunder.

"Thunder in November!" gasped Elsie. "What a crazy climate this is!"

She looked at her wrist watch. Dennis had only been gone half an hour and there was another flash of lightning, and yet another. The storm would be upon her long before Dennis could return; she must find shelter, and that soon.

She started down the hill, picking her way over the rocky road, but a sharp crack of thunder hard on the heels of a fork of lightning made her forget her silk stockings, her pumps, her new jersey. She quickened her pace.

Then from the black curtain overhead a cloud spun down funnelwise and struck a nearby hilltop with a long sigh. The sky blazed with light, flash meeting flash, yellow and violet flames darting down as if they were hunting slender, frightened Elsie. With a little cry she broke into a run and went stumbling down the road, her one thought to reach shelter before those darting flames consumed her.

Across the little bridge she fled and into the open doorway of the white-washed adobe house. There she sank down against the cold wall, her hands pressed tight over her eyes to shut out the lightning that filled the room with a lurid glow. Every moment it seemed as if the house would be struck, and Elsie almost fainted with terror. But at last she realized that the peals were growing more distant, and she opened her eyes and looked fearfully about. She was in a deserted house.

She had scarcely time to notice this much when the storm began afresh, not lightning, but torrents of rain. Water roared down the hillside and into the swale with the noise of cataracts and Elsie remembered with fresh terror the story of a cloudburst her uncle had told her. It had seemed odd to hear of cloudbursts in this desert country, but now she could understand. The rivulet in the swale had changed to a muddy flood and through the doorway she could see the water creeping, creeping through the long grasses. If it went on raining the water would soon be up to the doorway.

"I mustn't think about it," Elsie told herself sternly. "People wouldn't have built here if there had been any danger. There must have been storms like this before."

She would have found more comfort in the thought if it had seemed that people had ever really lived in that chilly, tumble-down house. But Elsie was no coward and she tried to occupy her mind looking about her.

She was in a large room that must once have been the living-room of a ranch house. The heavy plank floor had fallen into decay and the fireplace was choked with bricks and mortar. Beside the fireplace was a narrow doorway into an inner room. In the gathering dusk, she could make out nothing of the room beyond, and as she stared into its darkness her terror returned with a rush. There was a faint rustling sound in the farther room, audible in a sudden lull of the storm. Something was in there, *something not human*, for in the deepening dusk it seemed to Elsie that only ghosts could ever have inhabited.

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The strangled cry was repeated and she plunged toward the door

# When Girl Scout Friends Meet

**A**LWAYS St. Louis has been a meeting place — a meeting place of great rivers, before human beings appeared beside the waters, a meeting place for Indians before white adventurers came, a meeting place for brave men with faces turned toward the unexplored West—and in April of this year a meeting place for the Girl Scout leaders, who came from all parts of our country, there to talk of Girl Scouting.

In the first meeting of our Twelfth Annual Convention, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Chairman of our National Executive Committee, recalled how the Bird Woman, Sacajawea, showed to those intrepid spirits, Lewis and Clark, the trail of their hopes. To-day, she said, our own Dean Sarah Louise Arnold is the Bird Woman of the Girl Scouts, leading us on, pointing out the Girl Scout trail to us all.

For none of us is following the Girl Scout trail alone. If your Commissioner or Captain or Local Director was in St. Louis, she will tell you of the many Girl Scout friends who gathered there, from the mountains and the plains and the shores of our great land. She will tell you of the gracious hospitality of the St. Louis Council who, under the leadership of their commissioner, Mrs. Guy Oliver, made us feel so at home in their beautiful city. She will tell you of the opening meeting of the Convention, when greetings were brought to us from the Governor of

*Echoes of our Twelfth Annual Convention, held in St. Louis, Mo., April 20th to 24th*



*Dancing the Italian tarantella in the Spring Festival at St. Louis—one of the gay moments of the Convention*

the State of Missouri; when our Dean Arnold welcomed us as members of the Girl Scout family; when Miss Margaret Shepley extended the welcome of the St. Louis Girl Scouts; and when a message was read from our founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, who could not be with us but whose gallant spirit inspired us, as always. There were greetings, too, from Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, our first President, who had remained in New York City that all arrangements might be complete for the coming of our international guests for the world camp in May.

We were also honored by the presence of Mrs. Aurelia Reinhardt, President of Mills College, who eloquently gave us a glimpse of all that girlhood may mean, and who deepened within us our resolve that we as Girl Scouts shall hold true to our high purpose and to our laws.

So our Twelfth Annual Convention was opened. And so

the days that followed, crowded closely upon one another, too closely, too swiftly vanishing. Our Dean Arnold—again unanimously elected to be our President—presided at each meeting. And from California and New York and Massachusetts and Georgia and Texas and Ohio and Washington and Oklahoma and all the other States, our leaders brought news of what you, the Girl Scouts, have been doing.

*(Continued on page 49)*



*From California and New York and Georgia and Texas and Ohio and all the other states they came to the Girl Scout Convention*



One girl rowed slowly into a dazzling lily patch close to the shore where the Indians lay

## Becky Turns Witch-Doctor

**S**PRING had come to Kentucky with all her marvels of leaf and flower, of bright wings and mellow blue sky. In the woods about Boonesborough and in the low dense bush along Otter Creek there could be heard the perpetual

contented chipping of birds. The creek itself was studded with the alabaster, rose, and gold of the first water lilies. But the beauty of spring was not the dominant thought in the minds of the men and women within the huge fort. How could it be, when many of them had but recently arrived from Maybrook, from Boiling Springs, and St. Asaph's; that is, from the settlements which the Indian terror had forced them to abandon? In all Kentucky, now, only two stations still stood to challenge the Indian and the wilderness; Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. Spring, as these refugees in Boonesborough knew, opened what would probably be the most terrible year they had yet experienced. And so they were making ready to meet it. Men worked all day strengthening the log palisade which enclosed the fort. All rifles were brought to the gunsmith to be well overhauled. The sharp sound of knives and tomahawks on the grinding stone cut the air.

"The Injuns must give way to us, not we to them," said a tall man with long black hair and deep set, luminous

*Three helpless girls at the mercy of hostile Indians with only their wits to defend them—but one of the girls was Becky Landers*

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Illustrations by Robert W. Crowther

blue eyes. He put down the mug from which he had just drained the last drop of Mrs. Landers' tea.

"Yeh, Dan'l. This year it's win or die for white folk in Kaintuck," Simon Kenton, the giant scout agreed.

"But do you think

the Indians ever will give way to us, Mr. Boone?" Mrs. Landers asked, with a gesture of hopelessness.

"They'll give way coz they must, Ma'am," was Daniel Boone's answer.

"I wish Becky would come in," Mrs. Landers said presently. "It must be nigh sundown."

"Becky an' Jemmy Boone an' Bess Calloway's out on the crick in the boat pickin' water lilies," said Kenton. "Them gals has got the feel o' spring in 'em like the birds. They was singin' when I come up from the shore."

"That was more than an hour ago," Mrs. Landers looked troubled.

"Don't worry, Ma'am," said Boone. "That gal, Becky Landers, is too sharp an' smart a fightin' man to get in trouble. John!" he called to a young man, named John Floyd, who was passing the open door of the cabin. The young man stepped to the threshold. "John, you'd best run down to the crick an' call them gals in. Mrs. Landers is kinder nervous."

"Don't worry about Becky Landers, Ma'am!" Floyd laughed. "The only reason your girl ever gets into any trouble is just to show us how smartly she can get out of it." He turned about and went swiftly through the gateway of the palisade toward the brushgrown shore.

"Ever since the red men took my boy, Rodney, I've been fearing and fearing that something as dreadful would happen to Becky," said Mrs. Landers. "My husband killed by them, and my son stolen, and no way for me, a woman with two small children and no men folks, to leave Kentucky and go back to Virginia—we'd be no safer on the journey than we are here—is it any wonder that I am afraid for my Becky? She is so fearless. She traps, and she hunts deer like a man, and never thinks of danger. Yet what could she do if Indians came upon her?"

"B'lieve me, Ma'am," Kenton replied, "she'd git away from 'em. An' they'd never know how she done it!"

"'Tain't like my Bess, though, to stay out so late," said Flanders Calloway, who was also one of the group being refreshed from Mrs. Landers' teapot. Next to Boone, he was perhaps the most important figure in Boonesborough. "I'm jes' as well satisfied to have John go an' call the gals in. Bess said she warn't going to stay out long."

"Spring an' waterlilies, Flanders," Boone smiled. "Them two things could make even us grown folks fer-git scalpin' an' war-whoopin', let alone what time 'tis by the sun nor the clock."

"Hullo!" Kenton, who was sitting nearest the door, looking out, rose and strode across the step. "John's comin' back a-runnin'!"

"Is Becky with him?" Mrs. Landers cried sharply.

"John's alone, Ma'am."

"Indians!" Her white lips barely whispered the word. The three men hastened to meet Floyd.

"They're gone!" Floyd shouted. "I found the boat, overturned on the shore—beached—so it wouldn't float down here. Lilies scattered around. Indians have got the girls—carried them off. I saw the print of a redskin's moccasin in the sand by the boat. I figure, by the way the bottom of the boat's been drying, it must have happened all of two hours ago."

"Our daughters, Dan'l!" Calloway exclaimed.

"An' Becky Landers, that I love like my own," said Kenton.

"John," Boone said, "you run an' tell my wife an' Mrs. Calloway. An' then git some o' the other women, that hasn't got gals out thar in the woods with redskins—and have 'em come an' stay with Mrs. Landers. This'll hit her hardest of anybody. Simon, you round up a dozen men an' we'll start. *We're goin' to git them gals.*"

It was not long till the search party filed through the gate. Mrs. Landers watched them from her cabin door,

her white lips moving in silent prayer for her Becky.

The men stopped by the overturned boat, examined its immediate surroundings with minute care, and tried to reconstruct the scene in their minds as it must have occurred, so that they might deduce from it the further actions of the red men. Had they killed the girls; or carried them off? With dread in their hearts, they searched the brush for the bodies.

"Look!" Kenton cried. "Ain't that a lily hanging on that thar bush acrost the crick?"

"Ye're right, Simon!" Boone exclaimed.

"An' I'll bet Becky Landers dropped it thar a-purpose!" Simon added as he plunged through the water, with the others following.

Just what *had* taken place in that scene, which Boone and his search party had tried to visualize?

For ten days or more a party of Shawano scouts had been slinking like wolves through Kentucky, to learn the present circumstances of the smaller stations which they had harried so cruelly the year before. They had found them all deserted. But they had also found the tracks of wagons and horses and men all going in the direction of Otter Creek. So they had followed to spy out the situation in Boonesborough. Today they had lain for a couple

of hours hidden in the brush of the farther shore, while one of their number, perched in a tree, reported to them such preparations for defense as he could oversee from his nest in the hickory boughs. Presently he had warned them to be very quiet and alert because a boat was coming upstream. A few moments later they had seen it for themselves: a boat with three girls in it. One girl rowed slowly into a dazzling lily patch close to the shore where the Indians lay. She stood up, firmly anchoring her craft with her oars, while her two companions began to pull lilies and toss them into the boat. For some time the Indians made no move. They waited to see if any of the men from the fort would join the girls. But the sound of the saws and hammers at work on the outer defences of Boonesborough did not lessen. The look-out slid down noiselessly from the tree and consulted with his party.

"It will be easy to seize and tomahawk them,"

said one, "because, now that the boat has swung around, their backs are turned. They are talking fast and laughing so much that they will not hear us approach."

"Yes," the one who had acted as look-out admitted. "But the girl in the red dress is Boone's daughter. And the one with the oars is Calloway's. And, since Boone and Calloway are two very brave and clever men, it would be better to save these two girls and marry them to our warriors. Theirs is good blood to bring into the tribe."

(Continued on page 42)



*She wriggled a little and managed to drop a lily*



Last summer Clara Sipprell went to Herzegovina—this is a street she saw there

## The True Story of A Girl Who Liked to Take Pictures

*Clara Sipprell dreamed of pictures  
when she walked country roads as a  
girl—She makes photographs now  
that artists come far to see*

By VIRGINIA MOORE

"Oh, yes. But what I loved most were the roads in the noon-light and the moon-light and the just-before-dusk light.

"And you took pictures?"

"At that time? No, indeed. I didn't own a kodak."

This, from Clara Sipprell, the woman who has made photography a full-fledged art!

"You went to Art School, then? Or a School of Photography?"

"No. Everything I know I learned in my brother's studio in Buffalo. Perhaps some people learn the principles of light and shade and composition in a school, but I didn't."

And she told me the story.

When Clara Sipprell was nineteen years old, she left school. One morning in May she presented herself at the studio of her brother. He was then a photographer of some repute in Buffalo. But he was more than that: he was a sympathetic person. He had hoped that the sister who was so dear to him would go to college. But he must have seen, on this particular morning in May, another destiny on her face. For he did not argue. He did not even question. He merely looked at her, and wondered, and said no word, and let her stay.

So she learned the business of photography from the ground up. It was exciting. Her brother bought her a kodak, and she proceeded, joyously, to "take" everything and everybody in Buffalo—sometimes four or five on a plate. Her mistakes were many; her enthusiasms were many. One day her brother showed her two pictures, and said, "Which is good and which is bad?" She did not know. At that time she was absorbed in the bare mechanics of developing a picture, retouching it, printing it, finishing it, enlarging and reducing.

Later, she studied the fine points of photography. She came to know instantly when her brother held up two pictures, and said: "Which is good and which is bad?" By then, she was the chesty owner of a camera on a tripod and the humble partner of Frank J. Sipprell.

"I was his partner for ten years," she said, "and in all that time the smell of the dark room never failed to thrill me!"

Those were important years. There being so many opportunities in the big realm of photography, she must have come, often, to a fork in the road. Should she continue

WHETHER the roads were gold with autumn, or white with winter, or green with early spring, Clara Sipprell loved to walk down them, and dream. Why she loved them is uncertain. Because the roads were countless years old and Clara was fourteen? Because she wanted to be alone? Or because the ever-shifting light did miraculous things with the orchards, and the wire fence, and the acres of barley? Clara Sipprell blamed the walking and the dreaming on the light.

I see her, vividly, on the roads. Her legs are long, her pigtail is long, and her dreams are long—long. It is not difficult to imagine her eager figure, as solitary as a lark on the fence-post. It is not difficult, even though I first saw Clara Sipprell when she was nearer forty than fourteen, and when the roads around Buffalo had been exchanged for a New York studio. I can't decide whether I like the girl better, or the woman. She wore, that day I saw her in her studio, a black mandarin coat over a sea-green gown that matched, in color, her sea-green beads and matched, in spirit, the high comb which topped the red-brown swirl of her hair. She was so obviously an artist. Weren't the points of her long sleeves low on her hands? Wasn't her face fine and proud and sensitive as she told me of the childhood which preceded her work as a photographer?

"I just grew up like Topsy," she admitted in her low-pitched voice. "My brother was a boy and I was a boy—together. I didn't care much for school. I didn't care much for anything on earth except walking on the roads around Buffalo, and dreaming. Those hours alone were the high-points in my childhood."

Clara Sipprell's mouth was whimsical, and her questions were whimsical, and her whimsicality was contagious.

"But you went to grammar school and to high school?" I inquired.

with her brother or should she go out into other kinds of photographic work? Should she, for instance, enter commercial photography, taking pictures to illustrate stories in magazines or newspapers? There are many such photographers, today. Or should she become a photographer connected with an advertising concern, taking pictures of the latest models in dresses or furniture or what-not? There are such photographers, too—and young women, among them. Such work was possible for her, had she wished it.

Possible, too, was photographic work in a museum, taking pictures of the collections; or in scientific research laboratories, photographing the results of scientists' long hours in the laboratory. All of us have seen such pictures in scientific magazines. Or should she, for the sake of money, work into the great field of motion pictures? Any girl who is well-grounded in the fundamentals of photography, who has been willing to spend the hours and days and even years of time which Clara Sipprell spent in *learning*, can branch out into these many photographic fields.

Clara Sipprell branched into none of them. Nor did she stay in "regular" photography. Because she believed profoundly in the artistic possibilities of picture-making, because beauty was, of all things, the most desirable, she gave her talents exclusively to portraiture and to the creative photography of landscapes and still life. Who wants to *just* photograph, when she can photograph the inside soul of a person, or a snow-shadow, or a Killarney rose in a water jug?

"When I left Buffalo," Miss Sipprell told me, "I was a big frog in a little puddle. In New York—! Well, I kept very quiet for five years. I didn't hurry. Nothing good comes from hurry. Then I began to exhibit in New York and Paris and London. Last year I travelled through Yugoslavia, photographing quaint landscapes and quaint people, and ending with an exhibit in Constantinople. Oh, there's so much beauty to be caught with a camera!"

She showed me, quietly, a group of her pictures. A house with the sun melted and poured over it . . . Mrs.



Clara Sipprell

Coolidge . . . Leaves and their delicate shadows . . . Rachmaninoff, the musician . . . An English girl, very young and very wistful . . . An old church . . . A street in Italy . . . Cloud and wind above Dalmatian poplars . . . They moved me as a great poem moves me.

"They're as beautiful as etchings!" said I, enchanted.

I meant it as compliment. But Clara Sipprell, evidently, took it otherwise.

"You mustn't compare it to painting or to etching," she warned. "It is true that an etcher or a painter, like myself, is concerned with the witchery of light and shadow, and studies the line and mass and contour of his subject. But the methods are so different. I use no paint, no pencil. The camera with its many limitations is my medium. In accepting those limitations and transcending them with beauty, photography becomes a real art."

A real art. Looking at her pictures, I did not doubt what Clara Sipprell said. I was not even amazed when she added that she never enlarges a picture, now, nor reduces it, nor retouches it in any way. Neither does she use artificial light. The natural thing is the beautiful thing, she maintains, and if she sufficiently understands her subject and the light falling over it, the lens can do the rest.

"But, first and last," she repeated, "you must be an artist. And an artist is always a solitary figure. He cannot breathe in a crowd. That is why, I guess, I associate almost entirely with painters and sculptors, but run as fast as I can from a clique of any variety."

A dream-look was in her eyes. The same unworldliness must have led her  
(Continued on page 40)



Dancers by Clara Sipprell



*They went down to the beach and watched the moon rise, red gold out of a placid sea*

# The Girl with the Shining Eyes

*She played and smiled as if life were meant for smiles and smiles alone—would she face hard knocks as gaily, as gallantly, and could Joe ask her to?*

By DOROTHY SANBURN PHILLIPS

*Illustrations by Ralph Shepard*

IT WAS at the Yacht Club dance that Joe first saw her. He was standing just inside the doorway, leaning against the wall, his glance wandering mechanically, almost indifferently, over the dancers—bobbed heads, glistening earrings, gay-colored dresses, white arms, slim, supple figures.

It was two years since Joseph Brewster Payne, 3rd, had been at Wetaumet, two years since he had been to one of the Yacht Club dances. Everything was just the same as ever: the large, high-studded room; the pretty young girls, Lois, Patty, Meg—he knew most of them by name—the masculine line along the wall, watching, waiting, weighing; the older women on the piazza, their chairs gathered close around the open French windows; the long pier with its lanterns and whispering.

It was all the same—yet very different, for Joe himself was different. Two years ago he had been a lighthearted boy, a sophomore at Harvard, with a lovely home at Wetaumet, another home in Boston, a little car all his own. Now he was a man, the head of the family, with his widowed mother and his two sisters looking to him for support, for encouragement—

It had all happened very quickly. One afternoon, in early winter, he came back to his room at college from skating on the Charles—such a glorious, clear, blue, tingling afternoon—and found a message to call up his mother. He frowned—he remembered—it was a nuisance having his family living so near. How faint, yet how clear her voice had come to him over the telephone, "Joe, I wish you would come home as soon as you can. Your father died an hour ago." An hour ago—while he was skating under blue skies with Patty Burlingame!

Then had come that moment in the sunshiny office high up in a building on State Street, when his father's lawyer had told him that his father had not left the expected fortune; that they had been living beyond their income for years, eating into their capital; that they would have to sell their cars, sell the house at the seashore, the house on Beacon Street—they could not afford to keep up either place—and that he would have to leave college and go to work.

He gasped, then squared his shoulders. "All right, Sir, if I have to, I have to!" And he and his mother and his two sisters, Helen and Marion, decided that it would be easier to start out in a new place. Through a friend he got a job in New York.

So it was that Helen had soon been riding down town to work with Joe on the subway; and Marion, the younger sister, had gone to one of New York's big public schools, while Mrs. Payne cooked and dusted and swept in a little apartment up on the west side. And Joe worked hard, studying nights, counting the pennies, calculating the cost of Marion's new shoes, and groceries, and carfares, and losing his ruddy tan, and his gay smile—and his youth.

The second summer some cousins invited him to come to Wetaumet for his vacation, the first vacation he had had. "You must go, Joey," Helen said. "You need a real rest and a real change. And you'll have a grand time!"

But as he stood there in the Yacht Club leaning up against the wall and watching the dancers, he almost wished that he hadn't come. Everyone was very kind and cordial. They had welcomed him and taken him back into the old crowd. It wasn't their fault that he didn't fit. They all seemed so young and care-free, while his back was bowed beneath a burden, a burden which he could not shake off, even here. He gave a long, deep sigh. What fun it would be to have no worries in the world, no responsibilities, to laugh and dance the days through—

Then he saw her. She danced by him, very close—little, slight, dark hair, red curving lips. Her eyes met Joe's for the fraction of a second. He gave a little gasp. He had never seen such eyes—smiling, happy, shining!

He turned quickly to the man beside him.

"Say, who's that girl—the one dancing with Sid Endicott?"

"Oh, that's Daisy Dwyer—staying at the hotel. Her aunt's Miss Wrayburn, funny old red-headed lady—you probably know her—she's been coming here for years—it's the first time, though, that Daisy's been here—"

Joe's eyes followed her around the room. When the music stopped, he pushed his way through the crowd up to her.

"Say, Sid, introduce me, will you?"

The next minute he was shaking hands with her, and she was smiling into his eyes, smiling as if the world were made for smiles and smiles alone.

Joe forgot his burdens, forgot his job in New York, forgot the family budget, and his meager pay envelope. That night he danced with her once, twice, three times.

The next day he swam with her, took her sailing in his cousin's boat, and in the evening they went down to the beach and watched the moon rise, red gold out of a placid sea. Under the light of her smiling eyes, he smiled too, and those two years dropped away, leaving him young again and care-free, and happy.

She told him very little about herself. But he did discover that she had a mother, a younger sister, and a younger brother, that she was visiting her aunt for a couple of weeks, and that her home was in New York. His heart leaped at the thought, but his joy died out quickly, as he remembered that he could not afford to entertain a girl, that is, according to Wetaumet standards.

She caught the look that passed over his face.

"What's the matter, Joe? You look awfully sad. Won't you smile at me?"

"Oh, it's nothing." He smiled feebly as he met her blue eyes. "I was thinking what fun we could have next winter going to shows and places to dance—if I had the money."

She laughed. "Oh, is that all that's worrying you? Why, Joe, you can have lots of fun without money."

Joe wondered if she had ever tried.

"You'll come around and see me anyway, won't you? Often?"

"I'd like nothing better," he answered earnestly.

Those were wonderful days for Joe. Daisy and her little gray car and her smiling face above the wheel became a part of his life, and New York and his job drifted farther and farther away.

At bathing time she would come running down the pier, a scarlet-suited figure. "Hullo, everybody!" she would sing out. Then splash, she would dive off, coming up smiling and shaking the water merrily from her face.

She did everything that way: drove, sailed, swam, danced

as if the world were her playground, and her life a long picnic.

"Oh, I'm so glad I'm alive!" she bubbled over to Joe one morning. They were out sailing together, scudding over splashing, white-capped waves, with the wind whistling through the stays, and the blue sky above them. She laughed as a gust of wind swept down across the water, and she clung to the tiller, bracing herself.

"She's never had any troubles," thought Joe, but he laughed, for his own troubles were far away.

One afternoon in a storm, they walked along the beach and the harder it rained, the stronger the wind blew, the more radiant she became. She brushed back damp locks of hair, and struggled on in the teeth of the gale.

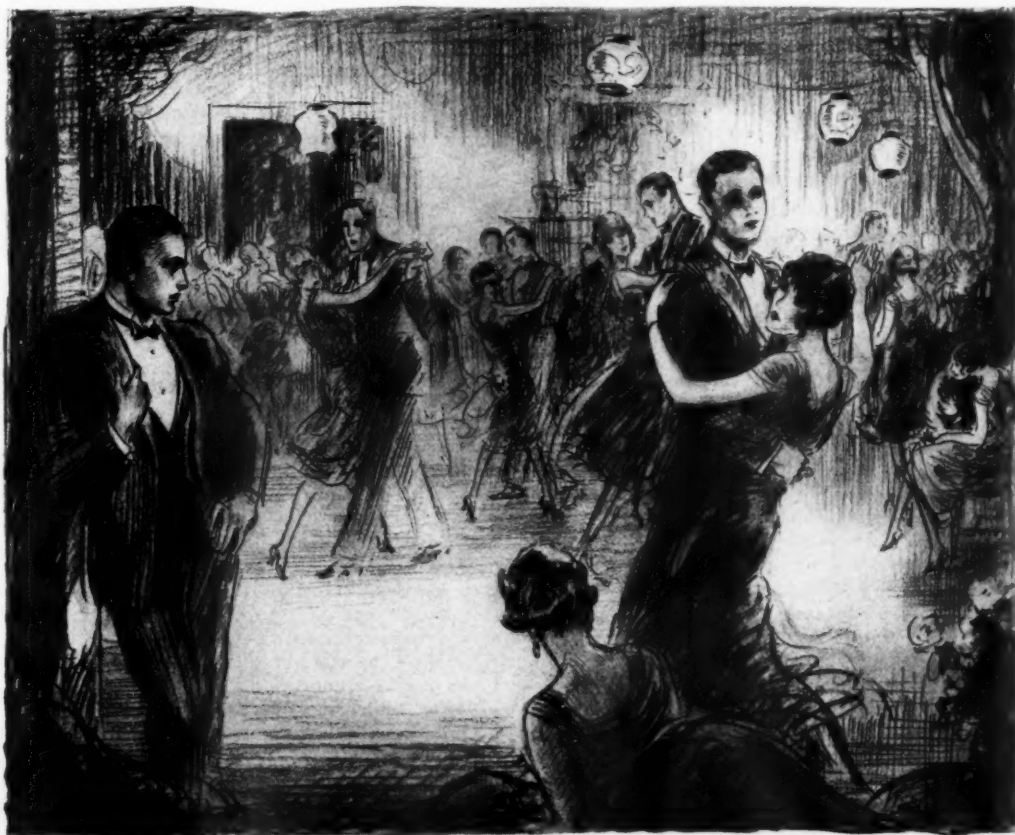
"It's fun to fight things, isn't it?" she said. Her face was wet from the rain, and as she smiled up at him it was almost as if she were smiling through tears.

In that moment Joe knew he loved her. And, with the realization, New York and his job and his family and future came suddenly crashing back into his world.

That night he lay awake a long while, thinking. He loved Daisy, but how could he ask her to marry him, when he must also ask her to wait years, perhaps, until he could support her—Daisy, who drove her own smart little car, who wore scarlet bathing suits, and dresses of blue and lavender and rose, and innumerable sport skirts and sweaters, who knew nothing of pay envelopes and family budgets, Daisy, the little light-hearted girl who in the space of a few days had smiled her way into his heart?

"No! No! I couldn't—she couldn't—" he cried aloud. He gave a deep sigh and clenched his hands. "It'll have to be goodbye, but I'll have a good time while I can—these last few days—with her!"

In the darkness he seemed to see her face and her eyes—



Her eyes met Joe's for the fraction of a second. He had never seen such eyes—smiling, happy, shining

those shining eyes. He turned over in bed and buried his head in the pillow.

His last night at Wetaumet, he took Daisy to the Yacht Club to dance. In the middle of the evening, they wandered away from the gay crowd to the very end of the pier. They sat there, together, swinging their feet over the water. The moon had not yet come up, but the stars were gleaming out of the dark sky. The waves lapped gently against the piles beneath their feet.

She balanced her silver slipper on the tip of her toe.

"What would you do," she said, smiling sideways at him, "if it should drop off?"

"Dive after it—of course."

"Oh! Spoil your suit just for a slipper?"

"But it's *your* slipper!"

Her laughter rang out. "Nicely done, Joe."

"No," he retorted, "it wasn't nicely done at all. I meant it every word—I—Daisy—," he broke off abruptly.

Behind them, the music started up again, loud and clangy, but between them the silence was very heavy. Joe stole a glance at her. Her face was very near his. In the darkness he could catch the look in her eyes, encouraging, eager, expectant.

He groaned and looked away again. "Oh, Daisy! I wish I could say what I want to—"

He felt her hand slip over his.

"You can say anything you want to me, Joe," she whispered. "I'll understand."

"Oh, no, I can't!" he cried. "And you don't understand! You don't at all! If I were like Sid Endicott and the rest of the fellows here, it would be different, but I'm not! I haven't got a family behind me with money! I've got to help look after my family myself. There's mother and Helen and Marion—why, I couldn't ask a girl to marry me! It would mean waiting for years, it would mean being poor—" His voice trailed off forlornly.

"Being poor?" she cried and there was scorn in her voice. "What does that matter?"

"Oh, but it does matter! It matters a lot—particularly when you're used to things, the way you are! Why, Daisy, you don't know what it means to count every dollar—and worry. You've always been care-free and happy—you've never had any trouble."

He broke off and stood up quickly. For Daisy had sprung to her feet. She faced him, quivering, her head thrown back, her eyes gleaming bright, her hands clenched at her side.

"You think that just because I go around laughing, I haven't had any trouble! Well, I have! Just as much trouble as you've had! I know what it is to be poor, to count every cent you spend, and to lie awake at night worrying—I know what it is to be the head of the family—And I tell you one thing, even if I had only one penny in my purse, I'd try to smile, and I bet you, I would, too! I'd show 'em—money and luck and New York and the whole world that they couldn't put me down! I'd—" Her breath was coming in quick gasps. She took a step toward him. "And if I were a man and loved a girl, I

wouldn't crab around about the money I hadn't got and the years I'd have to wait—I'd think she was big enough to share my troubles as well as my joys, and I'd ask her to. And if she really loved, she'd be willing—more than willing—she'd want to—"

"Daisy!" He stepped toward her, but she put up her hand to ward him off.

"Goodbye," she said in even tones. "I wish you every kind of success. Sid will take me home." The last words were flung over her shoulder as she walked away.

Joe stared after her, then quickly he followed her along the pier. When he came into the Yacht Club, she was dancing. He leaned up against the wall, his eyes fixed upon her, questioning, imploring, pained. She danced by—very close—but she did not even glance at him. Her eyes were on her partner.

Joe turned away and stumbled out back to his cousin's house. The next morning he left for New York.

"You had a good time, didn't you?" asked Helen eagerly, when he reached home.

"Yes," he answered, "Wonderful!" He smiled as there flashed through his mind a score of pictures: Daisy coming along the beach with a pile of driftwood in her arms; Daisy standing in the bow of the sailboat, one arm around the stay, her skirts fluttering, smiling at him over her shoulder; Daisy in her evening wrap hopping out of the car. His smile faded and he glanced away.

Immediately after his return, his mother and Marion went off to visit, and he and Helen were left alone in the apartment. He threw himself into his job and worked hard all day. But he could not forget the girl with the shining eyes. Again and again he went over in his mind those last words of hers, those words of dismissal. For she had definitely dismissed him, had sent him away. There had been no mistaking the anger, the scorn in her voice as she had stood there, quivering; and then that cold, contained, irrevocable, "Goodbye. I wish you every kind of success. Sid will take me home." Joe buried

his head in his hands at the thought.

"Oh, well," he tried to comfort himself, "It's better this way—much better. I'll forget—soon."

But he did not forget. And sometimes those other words of hers, "If I loved a girl, I'd ask her to share my troubles as well as my joys. And if she loved me, she'd want to—" would ring in his ears, and his heart would leap with hope, but the hope would die out almost as quickly as it had come. Then he would sit, puzzling over what she had said about herself. It seemed impossible that she had ever had troubles, that she had ever been poor, had ever worried. How could she and have kept that care-free laugh, that gay spirit, those shining eyes? And yet—how wonderful to do it—

"Helen," he said abruptly, "am I awfully serious? Do I sort of crab around?"

Helen smiled, an affectionate light in her eyes. "No, not exactly, Joe," she answered. She rose and going over to him laid her hand on his shoulder. "But you do take things pretty hard. Of course, all this *has* been hard, and I guess it's been hardest for you. You're young and you've had to give up so much. You couldn't help worrying.

(Continued on page 34)



She was standing by the sink, her cheeks flushed



Carolan Strouse, '25, was one of the best tennis players in Stanford University last year. Carolan says, "I have played tennis ever since I was six years old. I played for the Pasadena High School when I attended there. And I played when I was in Stanford. I am not fond of the intense competition of tournaments. I enjoy playing for the fun of it. And I love the game more than any other sport. I should like to see every girl a tennis player!"

## It's Tennis Every Day at Stanford

*From sunny California, where many a splendid tennis player is developed, come these suggestions on how to improve your own game*

**A**T Stanford University there is a large variety of sports from which to choose. In this land of perpetual summer it is possible to play out of doors the year 'round. Not only tennis, but swimming in our outdoor swimming pool, may be enjoyed during Christmas vacation!

The tennis nets are never taken in from our courts. They are left up all day every day of the year, and at almost any hour some tennis enthusiasts may be seen playing, and at the same time working hard to develop their game.

Four class tournaments—freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior—are held in tennis each spring. These tournaments are open to any girl who has been out regularly for tennis as a sport during the spring quarter. The winners of these class tournaments play each other in a series of six games, so that each class champion plays every other class champion and the girl who wins the greatest number of matches in this interclass series becomes the university champion. The winners of the class tournaments are each awarded one hundred athletic points, and the winner of the interclass tournament gets an additional fifty points, toward the university block S sweater, which is the real ambition of every athletic girl at Stanford to win. The winner of the interclass series also has her name engraved upon the Interclass Tennis Championship Cup, which is kept in the cup case with all of the other cups that are awarded by the Women's Athletic Association for the different sports.

To be a good tennis player obviously requires skill, and

By HELEN MASTERS BUNTING

Director of Physical Education for Women at Stanford

that skill is dependent upon good form in your strokes, as well as upon strength and endurance.

At Stanford we have tennis classes each quarter, and we find that those who are willing to work hard on the "form" of strokes are the ones who later advance most rapidly. The progress is often discouragingly slow at first, but patience and determination always pay in the end.

There are three fundamental strokes that should be learned first—the forehand drive, the backhand drive, and the service. All of these strokes are used mainly in the back court, and every one should strive to master the base line game first, after which the volley and



In training for Stanford tennis! Not far from the great university, Girl Scouts enjoy their own zestful game

# The River Acres Riddle

*In which Dick flashes an electric torch and many things come to light*

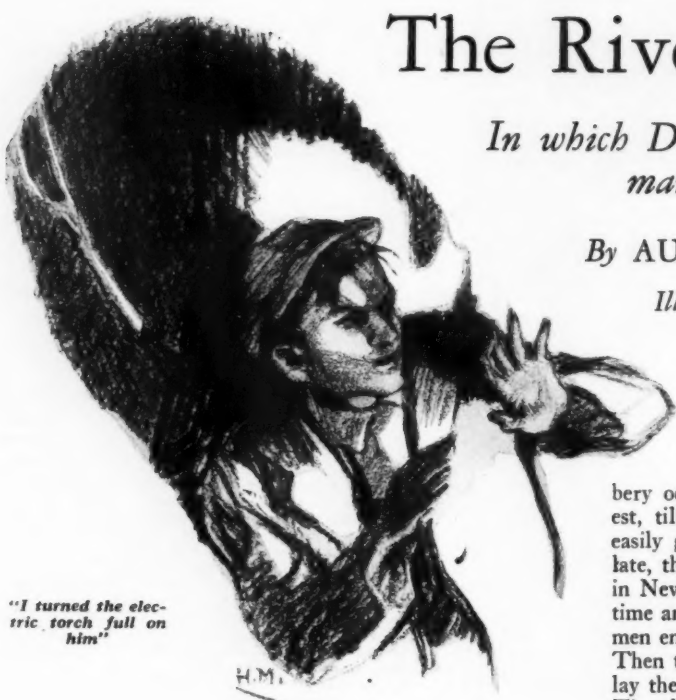
By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by Harrison McCreary

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Clue that Solved the Riddle*

*See page 37 for what has happened so far in this story*



"I turned the electric torch full on him"

THEY lit a lamp and sat down together on Mariette's bed, Dorita thoroughly puzzled and Mariette excited and triumphant.

"You just asked me now why I was so interested in reading the papers," began Mariette. "Here's my answer. Look at that article—third column from the right."

Dorita looked, and this is what she read:

#### "A NEW CLUE IN THE BIG NEWARK JEWEL ROBBERY"

The short article went on to say that the detectives who had been working night and day on the robbery that had occurred in the jewelry store of Heath & Martine, in Newark, earlier that week, had unearthed a new clue. A boy had been found who was passing near the store on the afternoon of the robbery, and who said he had seen two cars standing near together not far from the store. He had noticed two men come out of the store carrying a suitcase, and they stopped to say something to another man who stood by the second car. The boy said he didn't notice anything further except that the two cars drove away after that in opposite directions. The authorities thought that the man in the second car might have been in league with the two who robbed the store, but they had not been able to obtain the slightest trace of this second car, or get an inkling as to its driver. That was all. Dorita read it skeptically.

"This all sounds very interesting," she remarked, "and it's quite like a number of similar things we read of every day happening in the big cities. But I fail to see what bearing it has on our affairs."

"I knew you'd say that," remarked Mariette, "and it only goes to prove just what I said before—that you ought to read the papers more, and then you'd find out a few things. They are really useful sometimes!"

"Stop being sarcastic and tell me what you mean!" cried Dorita, her own excitement rising, for she began to scent possibilities in the case herself.

"Well, I've teased you enough. Now I'll really tell you how I got on to the thing," conceded Mariette. "Here's the paper of Thursday, the day after that rob-

bery occurred. I began reading this without much interest, till suddenly I sat up and took notice, and you can easily guess why. It says that on Wednesday afternoon, late, there was a very bold robbery of a big jewelry store in Newark—this Heath & Martine. It was nearly closing time and only one clerk happened to be in the store. Two men entered, held up the clerk and bound and gagged him. Then they proceeded to collect all the jewelry they could lay their hands on, threw it into a suitcase and rushed out. The clerk thinks they drove away in a car afterward. He said they had handkerchiefs over their faces, so that he could not recognize them. As soon as the clerk could get loose, he rushed out and gave the alarm, and it was said the authorities were tracing a car that they were sure contained two men with the suitcase who had been acting suspiciously near the scene of the affair that afternoon. It also said that the jewelry was worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars and that Heath & Martine were offering a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone who could either produce jewels or a clue that would lead to the capture of the men."

"But," objected Dorita.

"Wait a minute—I haven't finished yet," went on Mariette. "The paper next day—that was Friday—only reported that the car in which the gems were supposed to have been taken by the two men had been traced on Thursday to Plainfield, but as no jewels were found in it nor in the possession of the men who drove it, and they had been able to prove a clean slate as far as their actions since the affair were concerned, they had been released and allowed to go their way."

"Then came Saturday's paper—that's the one Grandpa held in his hand—telling what I showed you at first. You see, it said that apparently there had been another car, with only a single man in it, who had driven off in another direction. The two men with the suitcase had been seen talking with him. It suddenly dawned on me that it would have been an easy thing for those two men to have changed their suitcase full of jewels with him and gotten an innocent bag full of clothes in exchange. Then they'd lead the authorities off in one direction on a wild-goose chase, while the man with the loot went unsuspected in an entirely different direction. Naturally, however, he'd want to get rid of the dangerous thing as quickly as possible till after the affair had blown over, so no doubt he'd try to hide it somewhere. And then it all came over me like a flash—that was our man—Eric Leydorf—the one who had the accident that very night the thing happened! He'd chosen this locality for some reason or other to hide the stuff. And then he had driven away and was in such a hurry that he'd had that accident and got hurt in the head and lost his memory."

Again Dorita had an objection. "I think you may be right about it Mariette—it certainly looks like that. But why, if he'd hidden it securely, would he want to go and leave directions on our fencepost where to find it—for that's what it looks as if he'd done? Wouldn't it be more sensible to leave it hidden for a good long time without the slightest trace of its whereabouts? Then they could come and get it some dark night later on and no one would be the wiser."

"That's the thing I simply don't understand the reason for," acknowledged Mariette. "But, at any rate, the rest of it's pretty plain, I think. He did leave directions about it, and then he got hurt. And later, when the other two got away from the authorities, they came right on here next night and tried to find the directions, but our flashlight was too much for them and probably scared them stiff, thinking the detectives were on their trail again."

"And, of course, it didn't take them long to discover that their precious friend was lying at Abercrombie's, pretty well busted up after his accident. I can very well believe that they were frightened to pieces for fear he'd give the whole thing away without realizing it, so they managed to spirit him away in that clever fashion this afternoon."

Daylight was beginning to flood the whole curious mystery. Point by point, all the strange happenings were beginning to fit into their places, and it was possible to see a logical explanation to a number of unrelated incidents.

"Then *they* must have been the ones who were sloshing about in the river last night—up and down, up and down—looking for the suitcase of jewels, no doubt!" cried Dorita. "Oh, Mariette, I have another idea! Does it strike you as strange that they've always hunted for something right around here—near the river? Always by the river and down near the bridge—!"

"Bridge—" almost shouted Mariette. "*Bridge!*—oh, I've got it at last! Now I know what the 'B' is that we couldn't find any meaning for. 'Third W T from B'—*bridge!*" And she seized Dorita and whirled her about in an impromptu dance till they both were breathless.

"Do you realize what this means?" she panted at last when they had both dropped exhausted on the bed again. "It means that if we can find those jewels and return them to Heath & Martine we've earned the five thousand dollars reward they offered. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! but I'm glad we didn't tell everyone about it and spoil everything. Now—"

But an awful thought had suddenly occurred to Dorita. "What if those men should come back tonight and—and find them

before we do? They have just as good a chance now. They've got their pal back with them—the only one who knew where they were—and maybe he's come to himself by this time and told them where the jewels are."

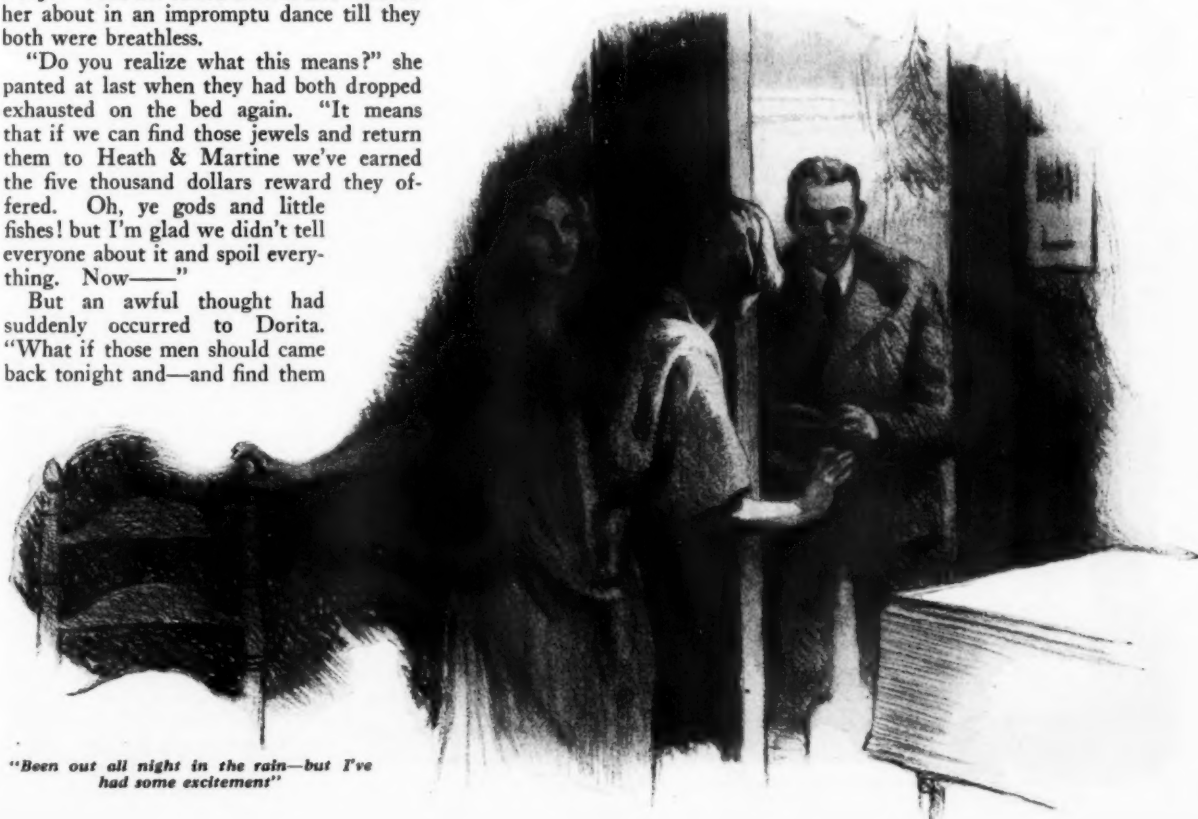
"There's Dick," countered Mariette. "He was going to watch. He'll scare them off, I'm certain."

"You can't tell what time Dick may get here," declared Dorita. "He probably realizes as well as we that nothing has happened much before midnight, up to now. He might think it perfectly safe not to come till then. Or he mightn't be able to come at all. How can we tell? I propose that we watch ourselves the night through, if necessary, and flash the light around if we see anything suspicious. That ought to scare them off again. Five thousand dollars is too big a sum to lose just on a chance. Oh, I wish we could see Dick and tell him about this new development!"

"Well, we can't," declared Mariette very sanely. "It's after eleven now and we've got to take it for granted that Dick is out there, as he promised. We can't be prowling around outside, ourselves. It's much too dangerous under these circumstances, and I know Grandpa would never allow it, no matter how big a sum was at stake. I'm going to bed. I'm all in—right now. You can watch by your window, if you want, and if you see anything queer you can get me up. But from now on for tonight, it's up to Dick."

"I don't see how you can do it!" cried Dorita. "And I certainly *am* going to watch by my window. I don't understand you, Mariette!"

Mariette was as good as her word and went straight to bed after they had bidden Grandpa Allen goodnight. But Dorita ensconced herself by her window in the dark, with the useful electric torch by her side, and commenced her long vigil. She never knew when it was that she leaned over, resting her arms on the sill, her head on her arms. She knew nothing more till in the cold, gray dawn she



"Been out all night in the rain—but I've had some excitement!"

woke, sore and stiff and cramped, to discover that she had slept the night through at her post by the window!

## CHAPTER X

### *The End of the Enigma*

Dorita was awakened by Mariette shaking her gently by the shoulder.

"There's someone knocking softly on the kitchen door," Mariette whispered. "I can't see who it is, and I'd rather not go down by myself. Grandpa evidently doesn't hear it—he's rather deaf. Can't you come down with me? They've been knocking quite a while now."

Dorita roused up and shook herself like a sleepy cat. She sensed at once that she been caught "asleep at the switch," as it were, but that Mariette was too considerate to comment on it.

"Who do you think it can be?" she whispered, as they tiptoed down the stairs.

"Maybe Dick—maybe Mrs. Rohrbach. I don't know who else it might be—but I didn't want to take any chances," Mariette whispered back. "Don't think it's likely to be the robbers, anyhow!" And she giggled hysterically.

It was Dick. He was shivering with cold, but evidently full of suppressed excitement. "Can you let me in to get warm and perhaps give me a cup of coffee?" he begged. "I'm nearly dead with the cold. Been out there all night in the rain and I'm almost having a chill. And say—but I've had some excitement!"

"Oh, tell us about it!" begged the two girls, as Mariette flew about lighting a fire in the range and Dorita prepared a pot full of coffee. Dick sat down and stretched his cold, wet feet to the welcome heat, and, while he was imbibing a cup of steaming coffee, began his tale:

"I decided against coming up here in my car as it would have been too noticeable. Rowed up in the boat after fishing a bit and beached the boat way down below here, well out of sight. Then I sneaked up through the undergrowth along the bank and landed here about 11:30. I had my flashlight with me and a good heavy club in case I needed to defend myself, by any chance. But I didn't expect to have to use the latter. I hid in that big clump of lilac bushes near the shore and nothing happened for an hour or more. I had almost decided to get out and stretch my legs a bit, when I caught sight of a dark shadow sneaking across the bridge and you'd better believe I sat tight after that and watched to beat the band!

"The chap had his hat pulled down over his eyes and he

began to pace up and down along the shore going through the queerest capers! It looked to me as if he were pointing out the trees along the bank and counting them to himself. Somehow or other he couldn't seem to get the thing right. He'd come back to the bridge and start all over again and once I heard him mutter,—"One, two, three, four—no, that ain't right!"—First thing I knew, he turned and trotted back across the bridge and was gone quite a while.

Then he came sneaking back again.

"That time, I decided I'd have a little fun with him, so I waited till he got pretty near and then I turned the electric torch full on him. He gave a low yelp of surprise and footed it back across the bridge like a streak of greased lightning. And he didn't come back for an hour or two. I got so numb waiting there that I nearly fell asleep. But presently I saw that black shadow looming up again near this end of the bridge. Once more I gave him the torch and back he went. Along toward morning he tried it for the last

time, but when he found the torch still on the job he gave it up for good, I figure. For not so very long after he'd streaked it back across the bridge, I heard a car on the road somewhere on the other shore starting up and presently it went chugging off in the opposite direction. So my suspicion is that he had his pal—or pals—waiting over there, and they had decided that they must be systematically watched, so had given up the job for this time, at least, and gone off. About daylight, I felt that I'd have to get warm and have some coffee or I'd be in for pneumonia, so I threw myself on your mercy and knocked at the kitchen door. That's how my night has been passed!"

"Well, just wait till you hear about ours!" cried Dorita, and she proceeded to give him an account of their discoveries and deductions of the previous evening. A slow light of comprehension dawned in Dick's face as she neared the end.

"Flouncing Florence!" he exclaimed. "But you've certainly done it—worked the whole thing out as neatly as any detective bureau. We've got to find that loot today, before anyone else gets his hands on it, or my name's mud. Where's that paper? I want to study it over again a minute. I think I have the thing worked out now."

Dorita produced the paper.

"'Third W T from Bridge,'" murmured Dick, gulping down his coffee at the same time. "You've got that much doped out and I guess I can tell you the rest. That fellow, as I said, was busy as a bee last night pointing out to himself those

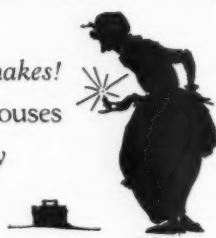
(Continued on page 36)

### Shivers

### And Shakes!

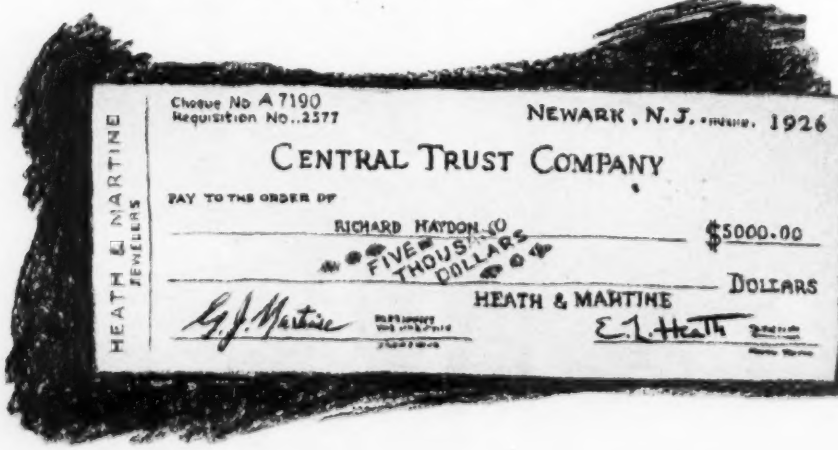
### Haunted Houses

### in July



And the most fascinating ghost you ever hoped not to meet, as well as a chest of hidden treasure that only the ghost knew about. It's a story with delicious shivers to tell at a marshmallow or weenie roast. "And after all," says Alice Mary Kimball, the author, "even if you hold that all ghosts come from eating mince pie late at night, why not enjoy the tales of their knockings and appearances? And if ghosts cannot be enjoyed, what use are they anyhow?"

So watch for *Haunted Houses* in July—and August, too.



# The Girl Scout Entertains

*As hostess, you will wish to try these delightful ideas for your entertaining. Remember, too, that there is still time to enter our national "Favorite Recipe" contest.*

*See page 34*

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

*Judge of "My Favorite Recipe" Contest*

SUMMER will soon be back again! Summer—with its joys of swimming and canoeing and hiking and all the other sports that every Girl Scout loves! But among other vacation pleasures we must not forget the more restful ones of visiting with and entertaining our friends at home. During the school year, we are generally too busy with lessons; but when the school bell rings for the last time, then we have more leisure to practise the real art of hospitality. And this is splendid training, too, for what is more important than to learn how to make others feel "at home" in our homes, to make them comfortable, to serve them pleasing and refreshing foods in a gracious and charming way?

Perhaps you will wish to ask several neighboring chums over for the afternoon; or you may plan to invite some of your Girl Scout pals, or the whole troop, to a porch party; or it may be that you care to have members of your school graduating or Sunday School class over for a farewell gathering. In any case, you can choose a menu and plan of serving which will be easy, simple, and admired by your guests. Let me tell you about several of them.

In all these informal types of meals, the guest usually eats from a plate or service held in the hand or on the lap—what one girl calls "lap meals." Either a china plate or a paper one may be used. There are paper plates, printed with pretty flower designs, which may be bought in "sets," or some plates have a waxed disk which prevents liquids from seeping through. The most novel service is an oblong paper tray with four depressions or places in it for holding salad, sandwich, beverage cup and even a frozen dessert. Plates, together with napkin and fork and spoon, are passed first to each guest.

Then you may follow either of these plans: you may pass your guests, in turn, the main dishes of sandwiches, salad, beverages, and dessert; or, you may have them serve themselves from these foods as they are arranged on a buffet or side-table, on a tea-wagon, or other serving surface. If there are few persons to serve, the first plan is



*This Girl Scout is cutting a cake she has made from the recipe Mrs. Frederick gives in this article. Why not enter your own best party cake in "My Favorite Recipe" Contest?*

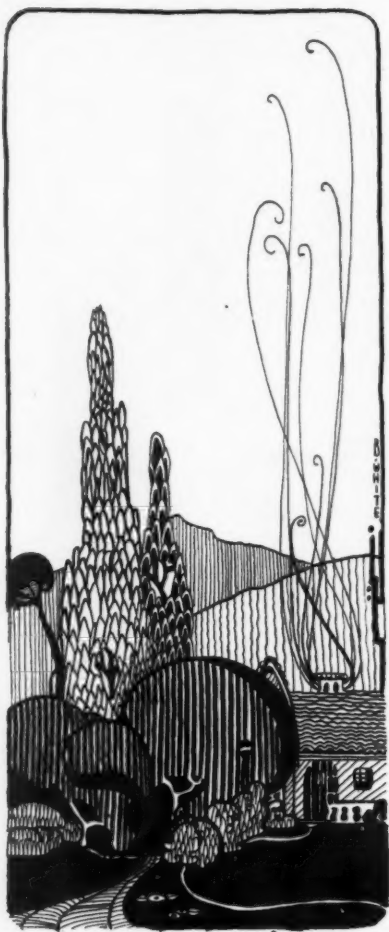
best and allows more comfortable sitting or lounging of the visitors. But if you are entertaining a large group, then it is more practicable to let the guests come to some kind of buffet or refreshment stand accessible to all. A pretty variation of this second plan is to have a "hostess" at each of several small tables, each displaying one course in the refreshment. Thus, place one of your girl friends over the table with salad, another at the sandwich table, still another to "pour" punch, or whatever beverage is being offered. If each table (and sometimes the girl hostess) is given a certain color or flower, and uses this to decorate with, then you can see how pretty it will be to have a "rose table," a "lilac table," and so on. Another idea is to have the girls dress as other nations, using national flags, as an Irish Colleen, an Italian maid, and so on. This idea might do for several troops and a large outdoor lawn party or "bazaar."

On your home porch any chairs may be used, but camp chairs are best on the lawn. One clever girl found she could cover the ordinary canvas stools with colored oilcloth and so make them far better looking and also waterproof. She is the same girl who bought small tin trays at a ten-cent store, and then enameled them in bright colors, so that each guest had a pretty tray of her own from which to eat. I am sure that other Girl Scouts will think of new ideas in serving and food arrangement, when they begin to entertain this summer. For always remember that everything we do to make the foods more attractive, the guests more comfortable, or the whole entertainment more successful, has created that feeling of real happiness and hospitality radiating from you as a hostess—to your friends

*(Continued on page 46)*



*A good cook has all her utensils at hand before she begins. Here is what you will need to make the devil's food cake*



**T**HE Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book. Our heading this month is drawn by B. White, Girl Scout of Riverside, Calif.

### Nature Lore

"Winding merrily on your way,  
Tripping along as if in play,  
Little brooklet of water blue,  
Where did you hail from and how are you?"

#### CHORUS:

This little speech was solemnly heard  
From the robin well known as spring's first  
bird.

"I hail from God's country, the mountain  
top,  
And I never hesitate nor stop  
Until I've reached the ocean blue,  
And now, fair robin, adieu to you."

#### CHORUS:

This little speech was solemnly heard  
By the robin well known as spring's first bird.

EVELYN LONG,

Age 16, Troop 1, Fontana, Wis.

# The Beholder

*"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"*

*A page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts*

## The Romeo and Juliet of the Verdant Hill

**I**T happened one morning when I had started to climb the Verdant Hill, my Hill of Fantasies, to await the sunrise, "that golden hour studded with sixty diamond minutes." In the most rapturous of moods, I stopped to watch the Fairy Brook dash off an accompaniment for the chorus of birds.

*The brook flowed on in a glad, glad way  
Smiling at the rock's rebuff.*

*"I have no room," it said, "for gloom;  
I laugh when the road is rough."*

In the midst of my musings, a loud clear call, *Tow-hee-e-e, tow-hee-e-e, tow-hee-e-e*, attracted my attention and I cautiously turned in the direction of the familiar notes. I found my old friend, Mr. Chewink, clad in his shining new black frock coat and neat white shirt, obscured in the sheltering green of a nearby bush.

Spring time is wooing time and certainly this towhee was no exception, for he was paying homage to a modest, brown-eyed maiden. From afar came her notes, which were tremulously answered by her suitor. I was curious to see the future Mrs. Towhee, so consequently, as noiselessly as possible, traced her carol. The conversation continued however, and the neighborly, tell-taling brook even babbled a love song. I found her shortly—but lo and behold! instead of seeing a demure female towhee, I found a mischievous catbird, nervously twitching around on the twig of a newly greened shrub! His throat quivered and then he distinctly chirped, *Towhee-e-e, tow-hee-e-e, towhee-e-e*. I was amazed but I dared not move for fear of frightening the bird. I listened attentively and I heard Mr. Towhee whistle his shrill, *Chewink*. The catbird responded and moved away in the direction of the deceived lovmaker.

ROSE WYLER,

Age 15, Troop 3, West Hoboken, N. J.

## A Queer Pet

I think every Girl Scout has had a pet of some kind during her life, but perhaps none quite so queer as the one I am going to tell you about.

Mrs. Groundhog lived in a hole in the side of the hill just behind our summer cottage. She had lived there since she was very small. I think perhaps her mother had been killed, for we never saw anything of her, and Brownie, as we called her, was always alone.

Brownie first became our friend through a very queer accident. She was

a great enjoyer of fish, and one day she found a salmon can and ran her head into it to lick the goodie she so loved. But to her astonishment she found when she had finished, she could not withdraw her head!

Poor Brownie! She ran that way and this. She jumped and rolled and backed up, but the can stuck. Finally she ran up on our back porch. We all felt sorry for her, but were afraid to go near enough to give her aid.

Dad was not afraid of her, however, and when he came home he went up and quickly picked up the can. Brownie dangled in mid-air a minute, squirming and kicking. Then she fell to the ground, rid at last of the can.

Brownie came to see us often after that. Every morning she would sit outside the kitchen door with her little head on one side, waiting for us to toss her a goodie. Then one morning she was later than usual. We all wondered what had become of her, for Brownie was one of the family.

At last, about eleven o'clock, out came Brownie from her hole and, lo and behold, behind her came four little roly-poly children!

Well, we were just too surprised for words. She came slowly and majestically forward, her children in a line behind her. When she reached the porch she stopped and gave a queer sharp cry that sounded like a command. Her children hurried a little faster at that.

She set them all up in a row and walked slowly by them like a soldier reviewing his troops. At last she took her place at the head of them and sat up as usual begging for a goodie.

All went well until the smallest one became too greedy and fell over. Then his mother reproved him sharply and made him sit apart from the others. And she would not let us feed him.

From then on, the entire family was added to our acquaintance.

KATHRYN MCCLURE,

Age 16, Troop 1, Galesburg, Ill.



*"At home" day to Girl Scouts of Fort Wayne, Ind., as held by thousands of swallows nesting in holes in this bank*

# Let's Talk About Clothes

**I**N June a girl is always graduating or watching someone else do it. And either way she's thinking about clothes.

Graduating dresses are much simpler than they used to be; but not a bit less lovely. And this, I think, is because simplicity is in itself beautiful. And because, after all, one doesn't graduate *alone*, and the pleasing effect of the commencement picture is very much increased when each frock plays its part in the whole symphony, and doesn't try to do a trombone solo.

It is not absolutely necessary that graduating dresses be all alike, though this plan has been tried very satisfactorily. But it does add to the charm of the picture if there is similarity in style and fabric. The vote of the class or the rule of the school will usually decide this question.

My own preference is for simple dresses. I like particularly, for a day-time graduation, a semi-sports dress of flat crêpe or crêpe de chine such as I have had illustrated here. This is a little two-piece. I picked it out because I thought it would be so useful for all the rest of the season. The skirt is adjusted by an elastic at the waist and can also be used after graduation with a sweater if you like.

Frocks similar to this come in all the lovely pastel and gay sport colors, and are very nice indeed for other daytime occasions of commencement week. I saw one the other day in green rajah that I admired. It was made rather like the dress I've illustrated and had narrow band collar and cuffs fastened with green buckles. The girl who was wearing it had on a small turned-down-brim hat of green visca straw that just matched her dress, and she looked sweet.

I like also, for commencement week, the dresses of Chinese damask in pale colors. One that a young friend of mine is wearing is of a pale tea rose color, and she has a sports hat of rose crocheted straw that just matches it.

Along with these dresses you often get a chance to wear one of the cute four-in-hands or Windsor ties that are so popular now, polka dotted, plain, or plaid. They make a nice color spot for a white dress and may be matched to a bright hat.

These semi-sports dresses are being worn just about everywhere now in the daytime, but sometimes graduation calls for dressed-up clothes. There are darling dresses of crêpe de chine, georgette, or flat crêpe with long or short sleeves, and

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES  
Good Looks Editor, "Woman's Home Companion"

Illustrations by Katharine Shane

trimmed with fine pleatings or drawn work, or cut with pretty flares in the skirt. And there are even fluffier types, little lingerie frocks of georgette or very fine voile with bits of hand embroidery and lace for trimming. These are sweet indeed—

more fragile than the sturdy sports dresses, but lovely to look at.

The dress I'm showing is one of the most attractive of the fluffier types—of white georgette with petaled skirt. It comes with attachable sleeves which, of course, you will wear for graduating, but which may be removed if you want to use the dress afterward for dancing. (Personally I like the sleeves in.)

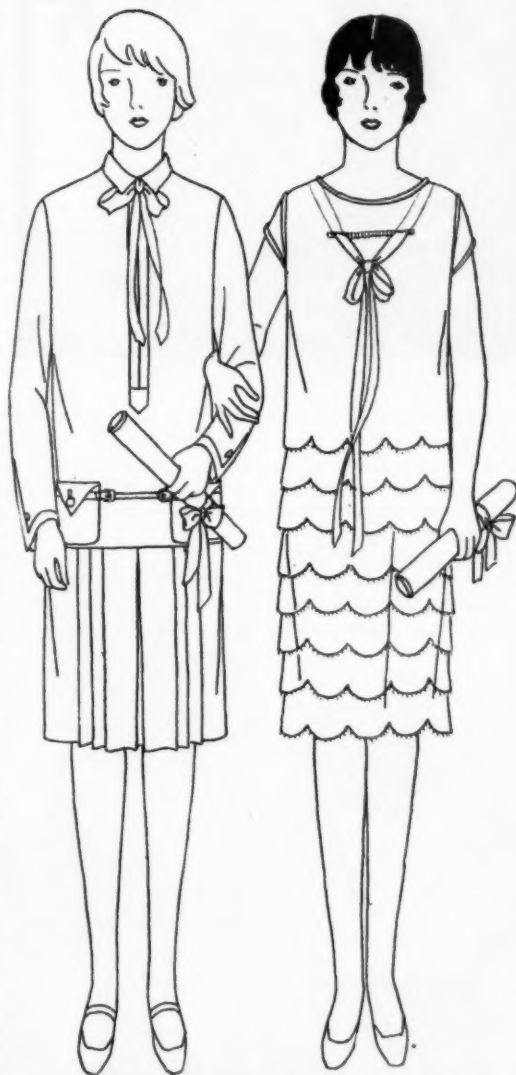
With these fluffy frocks, black or white slippers are the thing. I like white footwear, myself, for graduation, but this ought to be decided by the class. It looks prettier to see all the feet dressed alike.

If the simpler sports type of dress is chosen, the footwear may be a little sturdier, to suit the frock, but it still should be white or black. Buckskin strap pumps with moderately low heels are nice.

For the evening parties of commencement week, I've been seeing quite a few taffeta dresses with plain bodices and full skirts. Sometimes the under edges of the skirts are faced with a contrasting color and there's a flat flower trimming at the waist, or a shoulder knot to match. A lovely one in pale green has a rose skirt and a cute four-in-hand of rose and green outlining the neck and knotted in front. Often if the neckline is plain, there's a scarf of the same material as the dress, which you can wear attached to one shoulder seam and thrown lightly around your neck. One dress that I saw and liked the other day was of pale blue taffeta and georgette—taffeta bodice and georgette skirt with three bands of taffeta. There was a darling nosegay of rose and blue flowers at the waist and the little satin slippers were rose-colored.

I like very much for evening parties, too, the hand-made dresses of fine voile, crêpe de chine, or crêpe Elizabeth, with drawn work and bindings and bits of embroidery done all by hand. These are sweet, I think, for summer parties and very becoming in their soft shades of lettuce and apricot and rose and yellow.

If you need, at commencement  
(Continued on page 38)



Graduation dresses from Best & Company. At the left "Nada," a two-piece of white flat crêpe; at the right, a fluffier model of white georgette

# Your Outdoor Memory Book

I HAVE just been out in the garden with my cup of plaster of Paris making casts of the tracks of a visiting rabbit.

We had caught a glimpse of him, hippity-hopping across the foot of the garden, and sure enough when I went down to see, there were his footprints in the soft earth. And while we may not be able to catch birds by putting salt on their tails, we can certainly catch for ourselves the memory of a March hare by putting plaster of Paris on his footprints.

I can hear you asking how you might make plaster casts, too. Good, and what fun you are going to have if you have never done it before! There are endless possibilities in this for you to use your ingenuity and imagination.

Here on my desk is a pen tray showing heron tracks, which always remind me of the day we spent down by the shore where we made these casts. There is a pair of book ends with the tracks of mother skunk and her baby. They came to inspect our tents at the Girl Scouts' Camp at Long Pond. Tami, my pet chipmunk's dainty front foot is with me for all time as my letter seal. Beside me, too, hangs the cast of a maple leaf from the tree where the Gray Squirrel comes to play.

And what will you need before you start out to "catch" foot prints? First, some plaster of Paris. About fifty cents worth will last you some time and this can be purchased at any drug store. And a coffee cup and a kitchen knife with which to mix and spread the plaster. Now you are ready to find the tracks. In the damp earth by the brook or along the shore, you are sure to find many. You will wonder how you have failed to see them before. Select the most perfect track you find and then mix the plaster. Take a little of the dry plaster of Paris in your cup and gradually pour in water while you work it into a fluid mixture with your knife. It should be like the soft butter you make for camp pancakes

*Holding fast the memories of lovely things seen along the Nature Trail*

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY



*A spatter picture in many tones of gray*

—just wet enough to drop from the end of your knife. If you wish to make the edges of your cast regular, surround your track with pieces from a cardboard box, any size you wish your plaque to be, and then pour the plaster into the track and fill the space up to the cardboard ring, until the plaster is about three-fourths of an inch thick. Allow ten or fifteen minutes for the plaster to "set," then lift out the cast and wash the dirt from the plaster and you will be delighted at your success. The track itself may be made more distinct if you darken the background by brushing it over with black india ink, as in the casts of leaves at the top of the page.

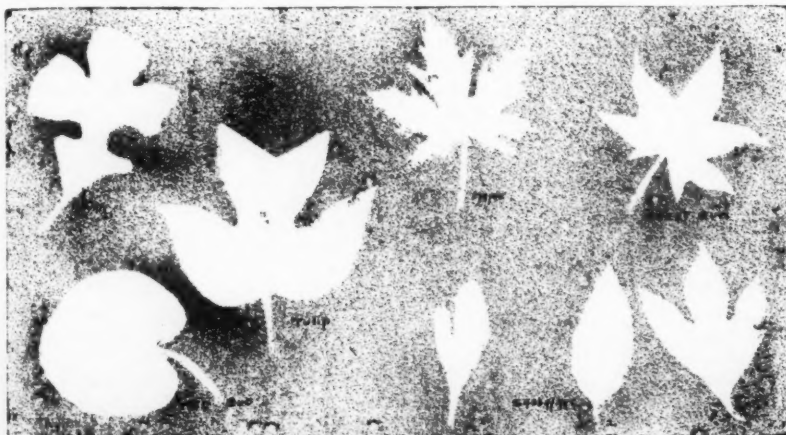
You may make many duplicates of your cast if you will oil the original with vaseline and pour fresh wet plaster over it. The grease prevents the plaster's sticking to the cast.

Or you may make an impression of your cast in the surface of plasteline—that putty-like modelling material you may buy at any art supply house or the Ten Cent stores. Pour the wet plaster into the plasteline impression and allow it to set the usual ten or fifteen minutes.

These are only a few suggestions—I am sure your own ingenuity will suggest a dozen other fascinating possibilities.

Another interesting way to illustrate your outdoor memory book is by spatter pictures. The very simplest method is to pin the object you wish to make, say it is a leaf, firmly on a piece of good quality ink paper. Now dab a little India ink on the end of a stiff toothbrush and hold the brush close to the paper and scrape across it with a knife blade. Remember to scrape toward you. This will leave an

even tone over the exposed parts of the paper while the part covered by the leaf remains white. You can repeat the process until the picture has the effect of a lovely half-tone. Louise Tessin in the *School Arts Magazine* for March, 1926, tells of a more elaborate way of doing it, as illustrated by the spatter work



*The simplest spatter work pictures may be very beautiful*

picture of the squirrels and landscape on the opposite page.

"The drawing is first planned on paper in all the shades and gradations of gray you desire the finished work to possess," she says. "Next make a careful pencil tracing of the drawing onto a good quality ink paper. Those parts in the picture to remain all white are now painted out with a solution of gum arabic. The gum arabic is obtained at any drug store. Ten cents worth will serve for a great many drawings. The powdered gum arabic is dissolved in a small quantity of water, and stirred until about the consistency of cream. After the painting of the parts to remain white is dry, spatter a light tone of gray over the entire picture. After the first light tone of spatter is dry, paint out those parts to remain light gray with gum arabic, and just as before, spatter again, this time to secure the second tone of gray. So for each tone of gray, until you reach black, you go through the same steps. Then, with the drawing still tacked to the board, you wash off all the gum arabic under running water."

Blue print pictures are perhaps the most interesting of all to make, because they appear almost like magic. "Blue printing time" is always a signal for a crowd to gather at the "nature house" at our camp. We do love to say, "That's the one I made!" and with justifiable pride—for blue prints of flowers, leaves and anything which can be pressed flat do make lovely pictures, trays or paper weights. A small supply of blue printing paper should be kept on hand—fifty cents worth is the right amount to have, as the paper loses its color gradually even when kept in the dark. There is only one other item needed and that is a photographer's printing frame. These come in various sizes. A stream or tub of clear water should be near at hand, however.

Now we are ready to start. Take a fern, a spray of leaves, or grasses to begin with and be careful that all the moisture, either dew or water from a vase, has been wiped off or it will stain the paper. Place the leaf in its most natural position in the frame and remember to use your space artistically. Now cut a sheet of blue print paper the size of your printing frame and place it on top of the leaf, then adjust the folding back over the paper, and tighten the clamps. Expose the printing frame to the sun for a few seconds or until the background grows purple. The time of exposure depends upon the sun and the general atmosphere. Five seconds or even less will do on a clear day and you will learn to judge the length of time with a little experience. After the exposure take the blue print paper out and wash it thoroughly in the water, as this "sets" the photograph. Then pin the picture to a screen where the sun will not shine directly on it. The most satisfactory time is about ten in the morning or three or four in the afternoon, depending upon the sun. Remember that blue prints do not require a strong light; in fact too much light will often ruin your picture.

Now comes the most fun, that is, planning what the picture shall be used for. This all depends upon the subject

and your own wishes. Do not forget to make some for the Girl Scout Naturalist! You will want some for the reports of the nature activities of your camp; and do have these of your most characteristic plants, shrubs and trees. A spray of leaves is beautiful and really gives one a better means of identification than just a single leaf. If you do not have

printing frames try the experiment of placing your flowers upon the blue paper without glass and allow the sun to shine on them for a short time.

If you wish to get a print of a "fleshy" flower like the poppy it will not be wise to try it in the printing frame as the "juice" will be crushed on the paper and leave an unattractive stain. This can be avoided by sketching the flower outline on a piece of heavy paper. Cut this out and make your print from the cut-out. Later the same cut-out can be mounted on a dark background and made a most attractive picture.

You will also delight in coloring some of the blue prints with your water color paints. Do not use the paint too wet for this tinting.

Perhaps we should call this a memory shelf instead of a memory book—at least you will

wish for it a corner of your bookshelf. There will be a fat little book of mounted blue prints and cut-outs; a big portfolio scrapbook of spatter pictures, and for book ends, plaster casts.

All of them will help to fix pictures of pleasant moments in your memory, for you have worked them in through your muscles as well as through your eyes. Besides they give you new skill and new joys in the sense of accomplishment.

I hope, too, that you will have in your own summer Nature Library our new Girl Scout booklets. So many fascinating moments await us all in the out-of-doors, I have tried to make each of these booklets a real Nature Guide for you. From them, you may choose those which most interest you. And all may be purchased from the National Equipment Department, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. They are called the *Girl Scout Nature Guide*—the *Tenderfoot* (price, three cents), the *Second Class* (price ten cents), and the *First Class* and *Rambler* (price five cents). And there are our Nature Projects—those booklets filled with fascinating outdoor Nature things to do. *The Star Project* (price twenty cents), is a veritable Sky Trail. Nor should I forget *The Bird*, *The Tree*, and *The Flower Projects* (each, price forty cents), and *The Rock Project* (price ten cents).

In a forthcoming issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I shall tell you of other things to make for your Outdoor Memory Books. For help in gathering these suggestions for you, I wish to acknowledge the assistance of Marie Afreith.



Use your space artistically for blue print pictures



A "fleshy" flower may be the subject of a paper cutout

# Announcing The Winners of "The



**HONORABLE MENTION**  
Eleanor Payne, Troop 11, Pat-  
erson, N. J., for the "Photog-  
rapher" Merit Badge



**SECOND PRIZE**  
Lola Kreitz, Troop 2, San Antonio,  
Texas, for the "Pioneer" Merit  
Badge



**HONORABLE MENTION**  
Betty Hasselman, Troop  
110, Brooklyn, N. Y., for  
the "Tree-finder" Merit  
Badge

**HONORABLE MENTION**  
Betty Funke, Troop 1, Wilmette,  
Ill., for the "Star Gazer" Merit  
Badge

THE following awards were also made: Fourth Prize to Jean MacDonald, age 13, Lone Scout, Brussels, Belgium. Honorable Mentions to Dorothy Brooks, age 15, Troop 1, Hamilton, Mont.; Florence T. Akin, age 15, Troop 1, Miami, Fla.; Edna Bennet, age 16, Troop 1, Greenport, L. I., N. Y.; Dorothy Harrison, age 16, Troop 11, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mabel E. Riedel, age 18, Troop 18, Whitneyville, Conn.; Margaret Hopkins, age 17, Troop 37, Chicago, Ill.; Lena Ryerson, age, 18, Troop 1, Hempstead, N. Y.

The First Prize was a vest pocket kodak. The Second, Third, and Fourth Prizes were photographs presented by Jessie Tarbox Beals to the prize-winning girls, of John Burroughs seated at his fireplace; of the Metropolitan Tower in New York City at dusk; and of Madison Square in New York City at dawn.

The prize pictures of the Contest ("Merit Badges Come to Life") were enlarged and exhibited at the National Girl Scout Convention in St. Louis, Mo., April 20-24. Not only the pictures that won awards, but a large number of other excellent pictures that came in, are now tucked safely away in a treasured folder ready for use at any moment, either here on the picture spread or on the Beholder page.

Beside these "Merit Badges Come to Life" on the pages before us, many another badge felt a warmth and singing in its veins as some one of the more than eighty girls who entered the Contest, clicked a shutter on the "right moment." In fact scarcely a single badge did not somehow find its way into pictorial form. Favorites were: Observer, Tree and Flower Finders, Farmer, Citizen, Cook and Athlete.



# The American Girl" Camera Contest



**FIRST PRIZE**  
Helen Gillespie, Troop 8, Binghamton, N. Y., for the "Observer" Merit Badge

**THIRD PRIZE**  
Helen Trask, Troop 2, Deer Lodge, Mont., for the "Tree-finder" Merit Badge



**HONORABLE MENTION**  
Adeline Goetz, Troop 1, Coristadt, N. J., for the "Farmer" Merit Badge



**HONORABLE MENTION**  
Josephine Coe, Whitewater, Wis., for the "Zoologist" Merit Badge

JESSIE TARBOX BEALS, our professional judge of the Contest and long a friend of THE AMERICAN GIRL, commented as follows on the prize pictures:

"I awarded the First Prize to Helen Gillespie," she said, "because her picture is more than a photograph, showing good mechanical technique and an interesting subject: it is a picture. The composition is of such unusual beauty that I rank it first. And I should say very much the same thing about the 'pioneer' photograph by Lola Kreitz. The composition and sense of strength and vitality surging through it are excellently caught. The Third Prize photograph would enlarge into an even more beautiful picture," she observed. "The effect of the many fine, perpendicular lines of the trees would be enhanced." "Do you like animal pictures?" we ventured, lightly picking up the whole family of pigs. "Of course," Mrs. Beals retorted, "Who wouldn't? Just look at that right-hand-corner back leg! Evidently Adeline Goetz has had the rare advantage of knowing a bit of farm life. The picture of the dog, Jerry Coe," Mrs. Beals added, "has excellent action—though it's not precisely action: it's that brief, tense instant before a leap. I always think that a girl who can take a good action picture is one who will keep her head in any emergency or accident. One needs the same presence of mind. Here, on the contrary,"—picking up the moonlight (exposure) scene—"an utterly different technique is required." She pointed to the left-hand corner. "This architectural composition by Eleanor Payne is exceedingly satisfying. The vista just below it, of a distant hillside, seen through a natural frame-work of foliage," Mrs. Beals concluded, "is also skilfully conceived."



Twenty towns in western Massachusetts sent delegates to a Conference planned and run entirely by the girls themselves. Here is the committee directly responsible. And elsewhere, too, such conferences are springing up

## Girl Scout Conventions for Girls

### *In Springfield for Western Massachusetts*

A THREE day conference for Girl Scouts, planned and run entirely by the girls themselves, was held in Springfield, not long ago. Hilda Horne, of Holyoke, a sixteen-year-old Golden Eaglet, acted as Chairman of the Conference and head of the committee which not only planned the Conference, but carried it through. On the opening day the hospitality committee met the trains and escorted the out of town delegates to their hostesses. At the sessions such topics were considered as the program for Senior Scouts, the extensive and accurate knowledge that a Merit Badge should represent, community reactions towards Girl Scouting, and, finally, THE AMERICAN GIRL.

### *In Savannah for the Southeastern States*

On April tenth trains (and Fords) rolled into Savannah, Ga., with about two hundred and fifty Girl Scouts from eight states of the Southeast for a two-day convention, planned and conducted entirely by the girls. Then between business sessions and discussions of Girl Scout problems, the Savannah hostesses sandwiched in a delightful program including a boat ride (during which an AMERICAN GIRL stunt was staged), a luncheon given by Mrs. Juliette Low, our founder; a banquet, an automobile ride, and a camp supper. This is now the second annual convention held by and for the Girl Scouts themselves in the Southeast.

Savannah claims one feature that is unique in Girl Scouting: a Girl Scout

(Continued on page 48)

### *In Philadelphia a Conference*

Listen, dear Comrade, and you shall hear, Of the Leaders' Spring Conference coming this year.

On June 5th and 6th, at dear Camp Tall Trees, Will gather the leaders in two's and in three's.

We'll have some folk dancing and good speakers, too; A new nature teacher will show what to do

To put over the new nature programs with ease;

And anything else that the Leaders will please.

Or, if there is a bit more you would see On the Spring Conference Program for you and for me,

Call up your Field Captain, tell her your desire, She'll tell us; we'll get it: by love or by hire.

—Invitation to the Conference.

And speaking of Leaders—when the Leaders' Training Class began in Portsmouth, Ohio, only five leaders responded. The first meeting became a discussion about the serious need of leaders. Each one determined to "go out and get them." The council joined forces, and gave a dinner for prospective leaders. Twenty-seven attended. All twenty-seven registered for the Training Course, every one of them was present at all six meetings, and every one now has a troop.

### *The American Girl for Prizes*

A Poster Contest held in Lynwood, Calif., brought in a number of Girl Scout posters, which were later used during Girl Scout week. The first prize was given of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Girl Scouts of Rome, N. Y., held a Menu Contest, which consisted of the menus representing the dinner cooked at home by all the Girl Scouts of the community. With the menu was required a written note from the fathers testifying to the quality of the dinner. The prize was a two-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

An essay contest on "What it means to be a Girl Scout," held in New York City, was won by an eleven-year-old Girl Scout of Troop 162. The prize was a two-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



ABOVE: An outdoor candy, cake and flower sale held in an attractive court proved a great success for Girl Scouts in Carmel, Calif.

RIGHT: Girl Scouts of Carlisle, Pa., performed an unusual service by locating barberry bushes, and thereby Black Stem Rust, which is injurious to wheat



## CANTILEVER STORES

Cut this Out for Reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Mkt.)  
 Albany—55 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)  
 Allentown—655 Hamilton St.  
 Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302 Eleventh Ave.  
 Asheville—Follock's  
 Atlanta—130 Peachtree Arcade  
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Sheldons)  
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.  
 Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.  
 Berkeley—The Booterie  
 Birmingham—Parlor City Shoe Co.  
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.  
 Boston—109 Newbury St. (cor. Clarendon St.)  
 Bridgeport—1035 Main St. (2nd floor)  
 Brooklyn—518 Fulton St. (Hanover Pl.)  
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)  
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard Co.  
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoes Co.  
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.  
 Chicago { 183 North State St. (3rd floor).  
 Butler Bldg.  
 15050 Leland (near Bway.)  
 6410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)  
 1405 Morse Ave. (Rogers Park)  
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.  
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.  
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)  
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.  
 Dayton—The Elks-Kumler Co.  
 Denver—324 Foster Bldg.  
 Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)  
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)  
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.  
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea  
 Erie—Wechsler Co., 924 State St.  
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery  
 Evansville—219 So. 3rd St. (near Main)  
 Grand Rapids—Harpoishelmer Co.  
 Greenville—Follock's  
 Hagerstown—Bilkie's Shoe Shop  
 Harrisburg—217 N. 2nd St.  
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.  
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co.  
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.  
 Houston—205 Gulf Bldg. (Iuka Elevator)  
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl Co.  
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.  
 Ithaca—Bohachin Bros.  
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel  
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.  
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House  
 Kansas City, Mo.—309 Altman Bldg.  
 Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Stalle & Son  
 Knoxville—Spencer Shoe Co.  
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt & Shand  
 Lewiston, Me.—Lamsy-Welsham, 110 Lisbon St.  
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.  
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.  
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Fugh Bldg.)  
 Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.  
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)  
 Louisville—Bon Marche Co.  
 Lowell—The Bon Marche  
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store  
 Memphis—28 North Second St.  
 Milwaukee—Bilkie's Shoe Co.  
 Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South  
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.  
 Nashville—J. A. Messers & Sons  
 Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)  
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop  
 Newburgh—G. A. C. Van Bauren  
 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)  
 New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (2nd floor)  
 New York { 14 W. 40th St. (South of  
 Library)  
 220 Third Ave. (152nd St.)  
 113 John St. (bet. Nassau and Bway)  
 Norfolk—Ame. & Bromley  
 Oakland—316 15th St. (opp. City Hall)  
 Oklahoma City—Fowler's, 253 W. Main St.  
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.  
 Pasadena—421 S. Colorado St.  
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Theatre)  
 Pawtucket—Evans & Young  
 Peoria—195 S. St. (Lehmann Bldg.)  
 Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.  
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.  
 Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey, 234 North St.  
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale  
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.  
 Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.  
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schenberger  
 Providence—The Boston Store  
 Reading—Common Sense, Inc., 29 S. 5th St.  
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Siele  
 Roanoke—L. Bachrach Shoe Co.  
 Rochester—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)  
 Rockford—D. J. Remy & Co.  
 St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)  
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (cor. P. O.)  
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)  
 St. Petersburg—W. L. Tillinghast  
 Sacramento—1012 K Street  
 Saginaw—Gonschel-Knipser Co.  
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.  
 San Diego—The Marston Co.  
 San Francisco—157 Stockton St.  
 Scranton—Lewis & Reddy  
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter  
 Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.  
 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.  
 Spokane—The Cent  
 Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt  
 Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace  
 Stamford, Conn.—L. Spelke & Son  
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.  
 Tacoma—750 E. Stevens Ave. (above 8th St.)  
 Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.  
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhes & Bro.  
 Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)  
 Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store  
 Utica—28 Blandina St. (cor. Union)  
 Washington—1319 F St. (2nd floor)  
 Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.  
 Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.  
 Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.  
 Yonkers—23 Main St.  
 Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Agencies in 443 other cities



## For healthy, happy Girlhood

A happy, smiling girl makes the best type of Girl Scout

AS she gets older, fast approaching womanhood, she will probably always be happy and healthy and full of vitality if she guards her health during her Scout days.

She cannot do this with cramped, weakened, painful feet, which cause her to lose the easy graceful walk natural to her.

A prominent Chicago physician once remarked to a group of shoe dealers: "More women's feet are ruined between the ages of eight and eighteen than at any other age."

Nearly three out of every four girls are suffering from foot defects, is the estimate of the Chiropody Record. Of the girls examined by the New York Board of Health, 74% were found to be suffering from weak feet. (Which leads to flat feet—a still more serious degree of trouble.) Such girls would certainly make poor companions on a hike.

Many Girl Scouts do not need this advice because they have already discovered the foot comfort and wonderful walking ease that the Cantilever Shoe gives them. This comfort is available to every Girl Scout in America at reasonable prices, for Cantilever Shoes are sold within reach of practically all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The Cantilever Shoe for girls is designed to harmonize with the active, growing foot, and neither cramp nor distort it.

The shoe is long enough and roomy enough in the toe to allow the toes to

stretch, spread and grip naturally in walking.

The famous Cantilever flexible arch allows the muscles to flex freely and to keep strong by natural exercise.

## Makes walking easier

The effective manner in which it automatically insures correct walking, and makes walking so much easier, is another important advantage of the Cantilever Shoe.

This is done by slightly raising the inner edge of the heel and by the correct shape of the sole, effecting an equal distribution of the body weight and relieving the light inner arch from excess weight.

## Attractive styles

The Cantilever Shoe has pleasing lines in addition to its comfort and health features. There are oxford and strap patterns and one high shoe.

The prices of Cantilever Shoes for girls are especially reasonable. The quality is so good that they will wear for an unusually long time.

If none of the stores at the left is near you, write the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a Cantilever dealer who is more conveniently located.



# Cantilever Shoe

Wonderful for walking



## The Girl With the Shining Eyes

(Continued from page 20)  
being the man of the family, and getting serious—"

"But I mustn't," he cried, adding slowly, "You know you ought to try to smile even if you've only one cent in your purse."

"I won't be gloomy," he vowed to himself, "I'll be young and gay—like her!" And he whistled as he got up in the morning; he smiled as he went into the office; and as he rode home at night in the crowded subway, he tried to pull the wrinkles out of his forehead, tried to talk and laugh with Helen as they ate their dinner.

His glance rested on Helen, the curve of her cheek, her slim, youthful figure. "Gee! it must be dull for her—just playing around with her brother!"

And the next night he brought home two men from the office for a homey party. And another night they went down to Coney Island.

"Thank you, Joe dear," she said to him. "Trying to cheer up your old sister?"

After that, Daisy seemed closer than ever to Joe. She walked with him at noon along the streets in the bright summer sunshine; her laughter rang in his ear above the roar of the traffic; and at night, when he looked out of his window at the little patch of dark sky above the roofs, she seemed to smile down at him in the twinkling of a star—and he smiled back.

One night he came home from the office in the midst of a heavy shower. As he hurried along the street, he remembered that time when he and Daisy had walked along the beach in the storm, with the rain beating into their faces, and the wind whistling around them.

Helen was out that evening. He roamed restlessly around the empty rooms. Daisy seemed to fill the place—she followed him everywhere—everywhere—smiling. Abruptly he gave up the fight. He sat down at the desk and wrote her.

It was a short letter and to the point.

Dear Daisy:

I've been thinking a lot about what you said to me that last night at Wetaumet. I guess you were right about my crabbing about money and troubles. I hope you didn't mean that you didn't want to see me again ever. I've been trying to forget about all the wonderful times we had together, but I can't. I want to see you so much. May I come up to Wetaumet and see you? I would be there only for a Sunday, but we could say a lot and do a lot in a day. Please.

JOE.

As the mail box clanged closed, swallowing his letter, he drew a sigh of relief and squared his shoulders. The next few days he waited, watching the mails and wondering. His heart fell when the third day came and there was

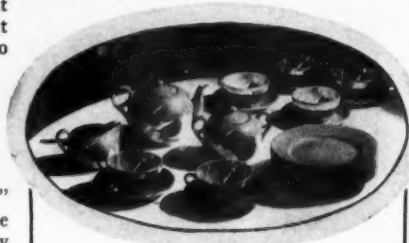
no answer. He tried to face a future without an answer coming at all.

But he had not been at the office long that morning when he was called to the telephone. "It's a girl," he was told.

"Hullo," he said brusquely, thinking it was Helen.

"Hullo, Joe."

He jumped. That light, happy, tinkling voice!



### The First Prize in "My Favorite Recipe Contest"

Yes, this lovely tea set is the first prize—delicate blue china, the inside of the egg-shell cups opalescent.

The second prize will be a set of books or book-ends. The third prize will be a camera. And the fourth prize will be a wrist watch.

And the contest is for the best recipe we receive.

A—Here are the conditions of the contest:

1. Any subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL is eligible to enter the contest.

2. You may submit one, or several recipes, up to five in number.

3. Write on one side of the paper only.

4. State your name, age, address, and troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) on the upper right hand corner of each page you submit.

5. All recipes must be received in this office by June 15, 1926.

B—Recipes may be submitted for any one or several of the following occasions or classes of dishes.

Girl Scout Breakfast.

Girl Scout Dinner.

Girl Scout Tea or Porch Party.

Mother-Daughter Menu or Birthday Party.

Father's Lunch Box or School Lunch.

Girl Scout Picnic—"hot" or "cold."

Cookie Recipes.

Candy Recipes.

Canning, Jelly, or Preserving Recipes.

C—Arrange Each Recipe in this Model Form:

Give ingredients required for each recipe.

Give method followed in each case.

Give list of utensils required in preparation.

Give cooking time or preparation time.

Give the recipe in quantity sufficient to serve eight persons (a Girl Scout Patrol).

"Your letter was forwarded to me from Wetaumet. I just got it last night."

"But what are you doing in New York?" he gasped.

She laughed. "Why, I live here. You knew that."

"Why, yes—but—"

"Will you come to dinner with us tonight? Mother would like you to very much."

He hesitated, his mind whirling, his heart beating fast. "Why, I'd love to, Daisy."

"That's nice. Can you come around here for me when you're through? 202 Fourth Avenue—10th floor. We'll go up-town together—that is, if that's all right for you."

"Why, yes—yes—Thank you, Daisy, thank you!"

After he had hung up the receiver, he tried to grasp his scattered thoughts. Daisy in New York! He stared down at the slip of paper on which he had written the address she had given him, and slowly comprehension crept over him. That must mean that she had a job—Daisy with a job, working! But this strange, new idea, this puzzling thought was drowned in the joy that surged over him.

When he got out of the elevator on that tenth floor, he looked around him curiously. He was in a rather large reception room. There was a girl at a desk at one end. Two men were standing by a table talking vigorously. A pile of dresses lay on the table near them.

Joe stepped up to the girl. "Miss Dwyer," he asked, conscious that his voice was trembling.

She rose and went out. It seemed ages to Joe before she came back. "She'll be out in a minute."

Another century passed. The voices of the men rose and fell. Joe's eyes were fixed on that doorway, that narrow doorway, and his breath was coming, quick, and jerky.

Then suddenly she was standing before him.

"Daisy!" his hand grasped hers.

For a moment she did not speak, but she smiled into his eyes. And to Joe the world was once more very wonderful.

"Do you mind waiting a little while?" she asked. "I've got some work to finish up. It just came in. We're starting on spring catalogues now—I draw, you know," she added quickly, in answer to his unspoken question, "sketch in the figures."

"Daisy, I didn't know. You never told me you worked."

Her hand pressed his. "I meant to tell you, Joe, but somehow, I couldn't talk about the studio up there. You see," she glanced away and the touch of a shadow crossed her face, but it passed quickly. Again her eyes met his, light-hearted, gay. "I was pretty tired when I went up there, and they said I ought to have a real vacation. My aunt got that little car for me, and some new clothes. And I—I—" a little passion crept into her quiet voice, "I wanted to be like the others! Young and care-free without a worry in the world, and I was, wasn't I?"

"Yes, Daisy, you were."

"I put it all behind me. You see, Joe, we're in somewhat the same position. My father died and didn't leave us much, and the children are young, and mother, well, mother—" She broke off quickly, "I was getting to worry about things, and it never does to worry. I never have been a worrier, and I don't want to begin now. I guess I was born happy. I'm not clever and I haven't much brains, so I just have to keep that!" She turned away. "Well, I'll see you later. I'll get through as soon as I can."

Over her shoulder she smiled at him, that same happy smile that had brightened the beach at Wetaumet. He sat down in a chair, dazed, thinking long and hard.

Daisy looked very pretty when she came out, in a simple dark street dress, a bright blue hat upon her dark hair. They laughed together as they went down in the elevator. They laughed as they rode up-town in the subway. The noise and clatter fell on deaf ears, and the crowds seemed to melt away. It was as if they were alone upon a desert island! And they laughed like children as they ran up the three flights of stairs to Daisy's apartment.

Her mother opened the door, a tall, stooping woman who evidently had once been very handsome. "Late again, Daisy," she said, her voice weary, accusing.

"Awfully sorry," answered Daisy. "I just couldn't help it. This is Mr. Payne, muddy." Then, turning to Joe, "Joe, this is my mother."

Joe followed Daisy into a narrow, dim hallway.

"It is terrible the way she works," Mrs. Dwyer went on, in her weary voice, as she shook Joe's hand. "She oughtn't to do it, but—" she shrugged her shoulders, "she won't listen to me."

Joe said nothing. It seemed strange to him that it was Daisy's mother who was doing the complaining, not Daisy herself.

A little fair haired girl came dashing out of a room and threw herself upon Daisy. Daisy's laughter rang out. "Well, well, chicken! How's the girl? Whew! don't strangle me!"

A boy about fourteen also appeared in the hall, grinning.

"This is my brother," said Daisy, "and this is Betsy. And this is my friend, Mr. Payne."

A few minutes later Joe was seated at the table in the midst of Daisy's family. The surroundings were very different from those that he had once pictured for her. The room was small and rather gloomy; the furniture was very ordinary, and there were no servants. But Daisy was just the same as ever. He met her glance across the table and her eyes smiled into his. She laughed and joked with Hal and the little girl; she met her mother's rather complaining account of the day's troubles with a cheery word; gaily she hopped up from the table, cleared it, and brought the dessert from the kitchen. Admiration crept into Joe's eyes, admiration for her pluck, her spirit.

"I'll do the dishes," she said to her mother after dinner.

"Well," answered Mrs. Dwyer, "if you don't mind—I am sort of tired to-night."

"But, Daisy!" cried Hal, "I want you to help me with my algebra. I just can't get one example."

"And Daisy," piped up the little girl, "you said you'd tell me a story while I was getting undressed."

"Well, so I did," said Daisy, "and so I will. You go on and start undressing, and I'll be there soon. And Hal, you try that example once more to see if you can't get it." She flung Joe a glance. "Do you mind?"

"I'll help you with the dishes," he said quickly.

She laughed. "Oh, thank you! I guess two of us can get into the kitchenette."

Joe watched her clear the table. Here she was, doing housework after a long day's job, with her family all depending upon her, and yet her smile was just as light-hearted, just as spontaneous as if she had been swimming and dancing the day through.

Later he followed her into the kitchenette. She was standing by the sink, her cheeks flushed, her hair curling around her face. She looked up when he came in, and their eyes met.

Joe gathered her into his arms.

"Daisy," he whispered brokenly, "You dear—you—"

She raised her head from his shoulder. "Joe, I'm sorry for what I said that night. It just hurt me to have you think I was such a lightweight, and that I couldn't get along unless I had money and everything I wanted, and that I'd never had any trouble and couldn't stand up under it if I did—it hurt—"

"Darling!"

"It hurt, too, to have you think that you couldn't be happy because you had to get out and earn your living and help support your family. Why, Joe! that hasn't anything to do with happiness! It isn't something that's plumped down on top of you from the outside! It's something you make—yourself!"

Joe kissed her.

"It'll be a long time, I'm afraid," he whispered, "Sure you don't mind waiting?"

She laughed. "No, I'll love it. You see, I love you! I loved you the minute I saw you, Joe. I wanted so to make you smile, and I did, didn't I?" Her eyes shone.

"Yes," he murmured, "Yes, Daisy, you did."

As Joe walked home that night, his whistle rang out on the quiet side street, bubbling over with joy, oblivious to the world. Two or three people turned to look after him.

"Humph!" exclaimed one man, "Looks as if he's just got a fortune!"

Joe caught the remark and smiled to himself.

One way to be helpful to mother is to remind her of the extra washing help in Fels-Naptha Soap.

Good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working together in Fels-Naptha, will give her extra help she cannot get in any other soap in any shape or form.

And then when you go camping, take Fels-Naptha. See how quickly it cleans clothes and dishes—even with cool water!

The grocer has Fels-Naptha—  
or will get it for you

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Department 10

**NOTICE** The Special Offer of 5 issues of *The American Girl* for 50c is open only to those who have not been subscribers before.

*Then ask your mother to renew for your Christmas*

## The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 24)

old trees that hang over the river on the upper side of the bridge. You know there are four or five of them—the willows—along the bank at intervals of twenty or thirty feet apart. The third one is just a little past your lawn before you come to the old boathouse. What seemed to puzzle him, I think, was the fact that the second tree was a divided one. There are really two trees growing from the one root, quite near together. We know it's actually one tree—but a stranger mightn't."

"Then—then—'W T' stands for willow trees," murmured Dorita. "I couldn't get that. And the next line means, 'ten feet west' of that third tree, I suppose. Why, that must be right about where the old boathouse is!"

"Then, perhaps the thing is hidden in the old boathouse!" gasped Mariette. "Can't we go and see—right off?"

"I think you're wrong about that being in the boathouse," declared Dick. "But it won't hurt to go and see. It's broad daylight now, with the sun rising, and I'm positive those beauties won't attempt anything further around here till it's dark again."

The girls huddled into some warm wraps, for, though the weather had cleared, it was still chilly, and they all hurried out to the old boathouse, counting the trees and measuring the ten feet from the third, which brought them directly to that spot. The place was very tumble-down and had not been used for years, but, when they had swung open its dilapidated door, nothing of any foreign nature was discovered.

"I tell you, it's not around here," Dick declared. "Couldn't be—everything's too open. Unless that chap dug a hole in sand and buried it—which he probably would have had neither time nor implements for. No—there's something else. Let's see that paper again."

"There's nothing left on it that we haven't figured out," offered Dorita, "except those letters at the end—'D H'. We thought those might be initials—"

"Initials—your grandmother!" snorted Dick. "Use a little common sense. That's part of the directions where to find the thing. Just let me think a minute. What could 'D H' possibly mean in connection with anything around here?"

Suddenly Dorita burst out anew, "Oh, I have it! 'Dig Hole'!"

"Dig—nothing!" growled Dick. "I tell you he didn't have time, probably, to bury anything. But 'Hole'—hole—wait a minute! Maybe that's got something to do with it! Isn't there a swimming hole somewhere near here?"

"Sure is—right by the boathouse. Deep as anything. We always swim there in summer 'cause the rest of the river around here is pretty shallow."

"That settles it," said Dick. "'Deep Hole'—don't you see? The loot is right down there. No time like the present. I have a bathing-suit handy, right in the prow of my boat down there. I'm going

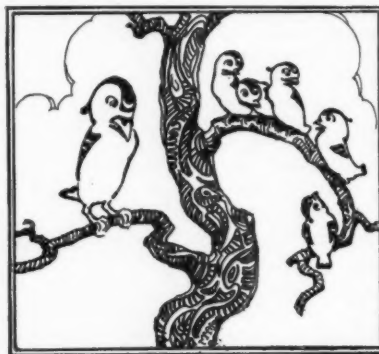
in to find what's there. You get me a rope—a clothes-line—or anything like that."

"But Dick! You'll catch your death of cold. You're crazy! It's too early in the season—the water's like ice!"

"Nonsense! I get into my suit and run down for a plunge every morning. Have done it since April. You get that clothes-line, girls, while I change into my suit in the boathouse."

Ten minutes later, Dick emerged from the boathouse in his bathing-suit and the girls stood holding out to him Mrs. Rohrback's cherished clothes-line.

"You hold one end—tight—and I'll take the other," he ordered, and looped his end over his arm. Then, with a little run and a straight, clean dive, he disappeared into the swimming-hole. They could feel the pull and jerk on their end of the line, but it seemed an



"Give me a sentence using the word 'satiated.'"

"Mamie and I went to the picnic and I'll satiate a lot of worms."

interminable age before Dick at last emerged, breathless and puffing, and still dragging his end of the line after him.

"It's there all right," he panted. "Felt it resting in the mud on the bottom. Passed the rope through the handle. Now, let's pull!" And Dick scrambled out holding his end and they theirs. All pulled together till an ooze-stained, water-soaked and mud-encrusted suitcase emerged slowly from the water and was drawn up on the bank.

"Oh, open it, Dick! we want to see them." Both pounced on it.

"We'd better not—it's locked anyway—till we've put it into the hands of the constable," counselled Dick. "We'll take it up to the house and place it in the care of your grandfather. Then I'll dress and go for the constable as soon as I've had another cup of coffee."

It was late on the afternoon of the same day that Dick returned from Newark where he had gone that morning with his cousin the constable to deliver the precious find to its rightful owners. The girls had waited in a fever of anxiety for him to come back—an excitement that was shared by both Grand-

pa and Mrs. Rohrback, who were now both in the secret. Mrs. Rohrback was at last convinced that her beloved clothes-line had not been sacrificed in vain, but only after she had seen the suitcase opened by the constable and beheld the eye-blinding wealth of gems that lay inside, apparently unharmed by their soaking in the river. Grandpa Allen had not done a single hour's work on his Latin translations that day, so great was his interest and excitement—a thing that had not happened before on a weekday for twenty years.

Dick came at length, bursting with news. "What do you think!" he cried, almost before he had hopped out of his car. "They caught all those birds early this afternoon in that little country hotel at Farmingdale, only ten miles from here. That fellow, Eric Leydorf, has come to himself at last and confessed everything. Seems he was the little chap who used to live around here. But his mother died and his family all scattered, and of late years he's sort of been mixed up with a gang of crooks and been drawn into some rather shady things. But he seems to be a good sort at heart and he'd gotten pretty sick of that kind of thing lately and was going to cut it all and go off down South and start fresh in an honest way.

"But that gang he'd worked with didn't want to let him go. They were planning to pull off this big haul and needed him badly to help them get away with it. Threatened to give him away to the authorities if he didn't go in with them. So he gave in at last and said he'd help them out with this, but it was the last they'd ever see of him. It was planned to leave the loot in some lonely spot and after they'd led the authorities off on a wild-goose chase and thrown them off the track, they'd follow him and pick it up. He knew this region well from living here as a boy and remembered how lonely it was up here by the bridge and that there was that deep hole where he could sink the bag.

"The reason he posted that paper where he did was because he didn't remember exactly the location of the swimming-hole, as it was so many years since he'd been here. He knew it was somewhere, this side of the bridge and that there were some willow-trees along the bank. So before he left his pals, they made up a secret code which he was to use after he'd hidden the stuff and leave it on a fence-post near the road. They hoped to come by twenty-four hours later and find it, and thought that even if it should be seen by someone else it would do no harm, as no one but themselves could understand it. Leydorf did not expect to see them again, as he planned to go on to Trenton, collect his belongings there and start directly for the South.

"The authorities are all rather sorry for Leydorf, he seemed so broken up over the affair, and it is thought that

*Haunted houses—heavenly shivers and fearsome deliciousness—next month*

he'll be recommended for mercy when his trial comes up. The other two are a bad lot and deserve everything they'll get. Say, if I'd known what a crowd I was bucking last night, you bet I'd have been a little more careful! It's only because that fellow thought sure the police had him spotted that he was so scary. He confessed as much.

"Well, now you know it all—all but one thing!" He pulled a bit of paper out of his pocket and waved it above his head. "Heath and Martine simply couldn't get over the fact that we'd returned the whole thing intact and they wrote out the check with positive joy. Said we three were to share it equally. So here you are, ladies!" And he laid the momentous bit of paper in Mariette's lap. She herself was too overcome for any speech and could only stare at it helplessly. But not so Dorita. Skipping about the room, she chanted:

"Only think what one thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six and two-thirds cents means to yours truly! Electricity and a telephone in this house and a new car and the leaky roof fixed and a new suit for Grandpa and some decent clothes for us and a nice spring coat for Mrs. Rohrbach and —"

"I think the first thing ye'd better do with it," remarked Mrs. Rohrbach dryly, "is to get me a new clothes-line. I ruined the whole week's wash with that muddy one this mornin'!"

### *So far in this mystery story*

Late one dark night a man in a strange car drives up to *River Acres* and leaves a code message on a fence post. There it is discovered the next morning by Dorita and Mariette, sisters, who live on this lonely farm with their grandfather.

3rd W T from B 10 f W D H

What can it mean? The girls remove the paper and keep watch that night. Two men searching furtively near the fence post finally disappear into the shadows. A man named Eric Leydorf, who lived nearby as a boy, is discovered to have been injured, with his car wrecked on the night the paper was affixed to the post. He is taken delirious to a nearby farm. Dick Haydon, a boy from the village whom the girls admit to their secret, discovers that the tread of the tires on the wrecked car is the same as the tracks left in the mud by the fence post. Later Dick gains admission to the sick man's room and links his delirious cries with the code.

Again the next night, the girls watch and hear someone searching the shallow waters of the river. Next day they learn two strangers have been looking for Eric Leydorf and that the injured man has vanished. Dick reports that while he was watching again with the sick man who was "queer in the head with a game foot," he heard mysterious sounds in the farm house and saw a strange car without a license in the woods. Can these have been the men who spirited Leydorf away? A chance headline in the newspaper throws new light on the situation and gives them a real clue at last.



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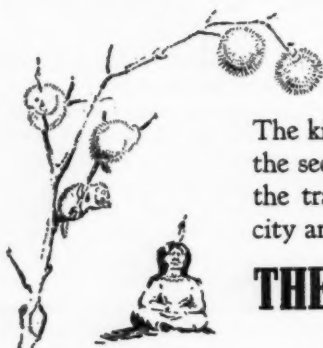
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## Let's Talk About Clothes

(Concluded from page 27)

ment time, a "Sunday dress," I can suggest one of perky taffeta in navy blue. It is very charming, I think, with a little hat of crocheted straw or bangkok, or grosgrain or stitched taffeta with perhaps a scarlet facing or cocard, and a scarlet pocketbook. Or if you want a dress a bit brighter or more varied in color, how about one of the prints in beige, red, and brown, with brown shoes

and hat? Or in crisp green and white, with patent leather slippers and a small green hat?

For traveling to an out of town commencement, you could use a simple dress of rajah, printed silk or dark taffeta such as I have described, with a top coat of kasha, serge, or wool crêpe in navy, green, tan or whatever color harmonizes best with your dress.

And, as I've emphasized before, remember the "small" things—slips the same length as the dress, stocking seams straight, if a colored handkerchief choose it—for by such is a costume made.

## The Secret Cargo

(Continued from page 9)

Moon, leaned over the rail of the bridge. "Cast off them lines!" he shouted.

The great hempen loops that had moored the steamer to the dock piling splashed noisily into the black water. They drew up slowly through hawse holes in the vessel's side. On the bridge a bell tinkled. A heavier gong answered from below decks. There was a chuff of steam. Slowly, without seeming to move, the *Dancing Moon* started her journey.

"I wonder . . ." Ann began, and then thought better of it.

It was too late to see what she wanted to know. Clouds of mist, streaked with feeble electric light, filled the widening gap between the steamer and land, blotting out faces, until Ann Anderson could not determine with any certainty at all whether the sour-faced seaman was still among them. Had he come aboard?

Ann shook her head impatiently. A thick fog caused more than one decent citizen to bump against some roustabout whom he never spoke to by daylight. She squeezed Susan's arm affectionately. Here they were, aboard a Bay Line steamer, bound for Four Wind light. And Four Wind lighthouse was home.

The captain came down from the bridge.

"Hello, Miss Anderson!" he said. "Glad to see you, but sorry you're going out this trip. Sea's rolling up a bit outside the point. Rough passage, but you're a good sailor, Miss. Like your father in that. And how is Chris?"

"My father's well, Captain, when I last heard from the island. This is my friend Miss Lafitte, Captain Merryman."

He touched his blue cap.

"I've heard the name before," he said jovially. "Make yourselves at home! You're our only passengers tonight. But maybe we'll pick up some at one of the way ports. We put in at Sugar Loaf Island about midnight, unload a lot of crates. Good night."

He passed on along the deck, bound for the engine room. Ann Anderson felt relief in spite of herself. So they were alone on board. Well, that settled that worry!

"Captain Merryman could sail a broken backed coal barge with her spars blown away," she told Susan. "Listen!" She motioned northeastward. "That's Fishermen's Point lighthouse over there. You hear the fog siren off to the right. We won't see the light itself. It shows short red flashes, but the fog's too thick. It's eleven miles, we pass close by."

Susan Lafitte listened and watched delightedly. The *Dancing Moon* ploughed forward into the open waters of the bay. The wind increased as she pulled away from the protection of the shore, puffing up suddenly. Whitefish Bay lay wide to the north and west, and beyond its broad mouth stretched Lake Michigan.

The boat trundled along stoutly into the face of the wind. Her bow hid shamefacedly under mountainous waves. Again, with sudden buoyancy, it lifted

Two movies last only about four hours—

heroically, to slide over the top of a smooth, fat roller. The two girls retreated to the cabin after the first half hour. There, holding tight to the hand-rails for support, they stood drenched and dripping, while above their heads the squealing decks heaved. Susan Lafitte sprawled on the floor once as the vessel lurched to starboard. She righted herself awkwardly.

"We'll be more comfortable in bed," Ann decided.

### CHAPTER III *A Strange Disappearance*

Their stateroom was just as they had left it. Their baggage, not yet unpacked, stood beside the lower berth, and with it the packets of mail for lighthouse and coast guard station.

In fifteen minutes the girls were ready to switch out their light. Ann, because she was the taller of the two, had elected to take the upper berth. She stowed the baggage on a built-in settee opposite the berths, dropped the mail upon a small table, and in a moment the stateroom was dark.

It was difficult to sleep, so restless were the antics of the steamer. On deck, the great steam whistle roared mightily, warning other vessels that the *Dancing Moon* was abroad in fog. It shouted with a frightened voice, one sharp, exclamatory blast over and over repeated. "Like somebody snoring!" Sue whispered.

They had lain awake at least an hour when the whistle suddenly stopped. They had steamed out of the fog, its silence suggested. The motion, too, had become less pronounced, indicating to Ann that the steamer was running under the lee of Sugar Loaf Island, protected by its high shores from the north wind. Here, in the quiet harbor, they would lie to several hours, while lazy Indian stevedores trundled the crates out upon the pier.

Calmer water made for a gentle, rocking motion, like a child's cradle; it was only a few minutes before the two girls slept. Susan was awakened when the side of the vessel collided gently with Sugar Loaf Island pier.

She turned over sleepily. She was thankful that the rocking had stopped. She slept once more—a heavy, dreamless slumber, for she was very tired.

She awakened again suddenly.

What it was stirred her up she did not know. Something out of place. She could not remember where she was for a moment; the touch of the panels of her berth startled her, and she sat up in bed, to peer anxiously into the unbroken blackness to the right, where in her bedroom in Whitefish, a square of gray light would have shown an outline of the window. Then an iron wheeled truck rattled over the gang-plank outside, raucous winds whistled above the deck, and to her nose came the unmistakable smell of a boat.

But what had awakened her? She listened nervously. It was a sound in the stateroom itself, she could have sworn.

In the berth above she heard the steady, undisturbed breathing of Ann Anderson—she was sleeping peacefully—no, it hadn't been Ann.

No light at all came in the one port-hole from the foggy sky. Susan lay down again uneasily.

Just at that minute, close beside her, something thumped. It was as if a booted foot had scuffed into a piece of ship's furniture. Too frightened to think, she lay quite still; then she gathered her courage and turned her head.

The stateroom door had opened three inches. The dim night-light in the passageway outside shone feebly through the aperture. It illuminated a narrow strip of the opposite white wall.

Once more a small thump.

A man's voice grunted hoarsely not six feet away in the dark.

Susan's fright retreated before a flood of hot, resentful wrath. What man was prowling in her stateroom, she wanted to know? She reached up quickly for the electric switch at the head of the berth. She heard the table upset as she fumbled for the button, and the voice mutter again fiercely.

Her fingers twisted the switch. Into the square white paneled room poured a clear bright light.

Through the narrow door, looking back briskly with his hand on the latch, fled the small, dark, sourish man who had frightened her on the street in Whitefish.

"Ann!" Susan screamed. "Wake up!"

The door slammed.

"Ann!" Susan screamed again.

Ann awakened in fright.

"Susan!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

The whistle overhead gave a warning snort. The propeller began to churn immediately. The steamer *Dancing Moon* had finished its loading and unloading of freight and was backing away from Sugar Loaf Island pier.

Ann Anderson slid to the edge of her berth and sat there astonished. Sue stood uncertainly in her bare feet in the middle of the stateroom. The small white table lay on its side.

"What is the matter?" cried Ann.

"That man—" Sue stammered.

"What man?" Ann asked sharply.

"The one we saw in Whitefish—he was in here—"

"In this stateroom?"

Ann jumped down from the upper berth hurriedly. An assortment of toilet paraphernalia lay on the floor beside the upset table—Susan's watch, a brush and comb, hairpins—

"The mail!" Ann exclaimed. "Susan, where's the mail for my father and the coastguard?"

"Is it gone?"

"It certainly is!"

Ann sat down weakly on the edge of the lower berth.

What was in the packet of mail that was evidently so valuable? Who was the man? And how had he learned about the contents of the packet? Next month's installment will sweep you into real adventure, in that adventure-full land of the Great Lakes.



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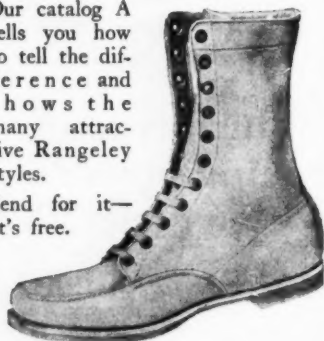
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# A Girl Who Liked to Take Pictures

(Continued from page 17)

along the roads of Buffalo, when she was fourteen and the woods were turning copper.

"Which would you rather photograph," I asked, "people or things?"

"People!"—without hesitation. "Portraiture is much more fascinating than still life. I try to catch that essential something which distinguishes every person from every other person—personality, spirit—call it what you will. I call it (for lack of a better name) 'the constructive moment.'"

"But some people haven't a spark."

"Everyone has a spark," she corrected. "The spirit is there, hidden, and the camera must find the right angle from which to photograph it."

"Everyone is photographable?" I cried.

"Everyone," she repeated. "But the gift of portraiture is a requirement for the work. And you cannot learn it. You are either born with it or you are not."

I wondered why, if portraiture were so cherishable, she wasted her time on still life.

"To do anything well," she explained, "you must do well whatever is related to it. After photographing a lovely landscape, I come back, freshened and more ardent, to photograph, say, a great novelist. Portraiture, you see, is not easy. That is why so few people are expressing themselves through it."

She looked so colorful as she sat there, talking, that I wondered how she could content herself, in photography, with blacks and greys and whites.

"How can you?" I asked.

She was too much in earnest to be glib. She sat there, for a moment, staring at the sea-green of her gown.

"Easily," she said at last. "Because I get the quality of color, the richness of color—or the lack of it—in these greys and blacks. Do you understand what I mean?"

I was not sure. But I was very sure of something else—a new discovery. Clara Sipprell is happy, not so much because she is successful in a worldly sense, not because she is internationally known, but because she is doing the work which fits her "like a bandage." If she were still experimenting in Buffalo, she would be happy, I knew.

"You smile," I ventured, "because you found, at nineteen, the work you were cut out for."

"Is that an accusation?" she laughed, and there wasn't a corner in the room which didn't feel her happiness. "Yes, but who wouldn't be happy with light for her medium? To step into light, to utilize light, is to make beautiful pictures. Light! I pray continually that I may comprehend light!"

And again, in my imagination, I saw the fourteen-year-old Clara Sipprell walking the roads of Buffalo, watching the morning light on maple leaves and the evening light in hedgerows, and dreaming not impossible dreams. . . .

## Are You Interested in Photography?

Do you, too, find sheer joy in discovering a beautiful picture in the world about you, and catching it for your own in your camera? Then take as many pictures as you possibly can. Ask as many questions about taking pictures as you possibly can. Learn to develop your own pictures. And one day, when you are deciding upon the work which you wish to do as a woman, you may make Clara Sipprell's own decision—that you, too, will become a photographer.

Perhaps—probably—you have no brother who is a photographer, as did she. But it is certain that there is someone in your town who enjoys taking pictures as much as you do—someone with years of experience in it—who will be happy to help you.

With photography, as with everything else worth while, the way to become proficient in it is to try and to try, to criticize your own results, and to learn wherever and whenever you can—from people, from books, from lovely pictures. Every Girl Scout has a guide in the Photographer's Badge in the Girl Scout handbook. There books will be suggested that will help you. Your librarian will tell you of other books. Manufacturers of camera and camera supplies will send you suggestions, upon request.

And later, should you actually wish to become a photographer, perhaps you will do as Clara Sipprell—enter a photographic studio for still further learning, selecting a studio where lovely pictures are made. Or you may wish to attend a School of Photography.

## The Photographer's Merit Badge

### For All Camera-Clickers

You who are interested in taking pictures will wish to know the new requirements for the Photographer's Merit Badge.

- I. Name the make and model of your camera and describe briefly each of its essential features or parts.
- II. Tell what part each of the above features play in producing a correct exposure on the film.
- III. Submit one good picture taken by yourself, to illustrate each of the following classes of photographic subjects:

A—Architectural Subject. (Public Building, Home, etc.)

Note: Be sure camera is held so that all vertical lines will be parallel, and not leaning toward each other.

B—Portrait of Group (Outdoors).

C—Portrait of Group (Indoors).

Note: It is desirable, but not necessary, that pictures B and C be Girl Scout subjects.

D—Landscape.

E—Marine View or Waterscape. (Ocean, River, Lake or Brook.)

F—Nature Study. (Tree, Plant, Flower or Animal, giving brief description of subject on back of print.)

Tell every girl you know—5 months for 50c. "The American Girl's" summer bargain

IV. On the back of each of the above prints show the following information:

- A—Month of year in which picture was made.
- B—Hour of day in which picture was made.
- C—Strength of light. (Sunlight, diffused light, cloudy or very dull.)
- D—Size of "stop" used—that is, size of lens opening.
- E—Exposure speed used—if camera shutter has more than one speed.
- F—Were the pictures developed and printed by yourself or by a photo-finisher?

Note: If prints are too small to take all the above information, number them on the back and show information on separate paper.

V. Describe the making of a picture from the time the film is purchased until the finished print is at hand, describing briefly each process through which it passes.

VI. Show what is the difference between a film, a negative and a print.

VII. A good craftsman is known by his tools. In photography it is particularly important that all apparatus be kept spotlessly clean. What effect does a dirty, dusty lens and a camera with dirt and dust inside it, have on a negative?

VIII. Show how we must adjust our

camera to take care of the difference in the strength of the light for exposures made in early morning or late afternoon, and those made at noon. The same difference holds true between summer sunlight and winter sunlight.

IX. Why are landscape and similar pictures taken an hour or two after sunrise or an hour or two before sunset generally more attractive than those taken at or near noon?

X. Show what is meant by "composition" in the arrangement of a good picture composition. It is very important in painting as well as in photographs. It is worth studying.

XI. Why do all photographic text-books and all expert camera men advise us to use a tripod or other firm support for the camera if we wish consistent success in photography?

XII. Define briefly the following terms used in photography:

- A—Under-Exposure.
- B—Over-Exposure.
- C—Under Development.
- D—Over Development.
- E—"Fogged" or "Light-struck."
- F—Out of Focus.
- G—"Pin holes."
- H—Instantaneous Exposure.
- I—Time Exposure.
- J—Hypo.

## It's Tennis Every Day at Stanford

(Continued from page 21)

smash at the net and the lob in the back court, should be learned. The modern tennis player, whether man or woman, must be able to play both the base line and net game if any real tennis skill is to be achieved.

The little book by William T. Tilden, called *Better Tennis*, published by A. G. Spalding Brothers, at twenty-five cents per copy, is the most valuable book that I know of for beginners. Correct form should be learned from the start, and may be learned at high school or even grammar school age.

Besides technical skill there must be strength and endurance, and these depend upon good health, and good health depends upon wholesome living. At Stanford we require every girl who takes part in any sports to have a medical examination first. Tennis is a vigorous game, and girls should be sure that they are physically sound before they try to play it. The Women's Athletic Association at Stanford University requires that every girl who goes out for a competitive sport shall keep "training" for the whole sport season. She must have eight hours of sleep each night, she must not eat between meals, she must attend every practice of her team (unless excused by the coach), and she must take a shower after every practice.

Besides skill and health, there is another very important factor in success in tennis, as in any other sport, and that

is the sportsmanship of the player. The girl who unhesitatingly awards any doubtful point to her opponent, who keeps calm and cheerful even when losing, who rushes instantly to shake hands with, and smilingly congratulates the player who has just defeated her, is the girl who wins the respect and approval of the audience.

If then you wish to become a tennis player you should do the following: Work patiently to get good form in all of your strokes. This may be done by taking a number of balls out on the court, where you can bounce and drive them one at a time across the net, aiming at a certain point. Do this for both forehand and backhand drives. Then practise the service stroke over and over again, throwing the ball high into the air and serving to a certain spot in the service court. It has been said (I do not know how true it is) that Helen Wills will serve as many as one hundred times at the same spot!

Be sure that you are in good physical condition and then keep yourself so by daily hygienic living, with plenty of sleep, regular meals, systematic practice, and a daily bath.

Let a spirit of joy, and fair play, and generosity, and play for play's sake always radiate from you and from your game, and then whether you win or whether you lose you will have the satisfaction that goes with a game well played.



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### Along the Editor's Trail

(Continued from page 5)  
all nations. And, at the last, the Good-night song, when hands joined in comradeship around the world will be a beautiful reality.

To those of us who knew Mrs. Macy, who was long a member of our National Board and a friend, in spirit, of every Girl Scout, there is deep meaning in the fact that this International Camp will be one of the first gatherings at the camp given in her memory to Girl Scout leaders by her husband, Mr. V. Everit Macy.

"Her ways were ways of joyousness;

And her paths were paths of love and understanding."

And now, in this camp named for her, Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders from around the world will meet in understanding and friendliness. As laughter echoes through these camping days, as our leaders share with each other the experiences of their girls, again and again the thought will recur to those of us who knew Mrs. Macy, "This is what she would have wished."

But while our leaders and guests are at Camp Edith Macy, will you not do your share for our international plans by sending in interesting letters and pictures which you receive from your own international correspondents?

### Becky Turns Witch-Doctor

(Continued from page 15)

Though some objections were raised, in general the red scouts agreed.

"Who is the other girl? Let those of us who want a scalp, take hers."

Silently and stealthily, hardly disturbing a leaf, they crawled, an inch at a time, out of the thicket. In one noiseless leap, they surrounded the boat and seized the three girls, clapping a hand over each girl's mouth to prevent an outcry. They then rushed into the forest with their captives while two scouts remained behind to row the boat to the other side and beach it. As Becky felt herself tossed over a brawny bare shoulder, she dropped a lily. She had held an armful of them when her captor grasped her. So suddenly had catastrophe overtaken her, that she had hardly moved a muscle. Her lilies were crushed between her breast and the brave's shoulder. Terrified as she was, and knowing well the deadly peril she was in, she had no tendency to faint. In any emergency Becky's wits went to work at once. She saw the lily that had fallen from her hand on the bush; and she saw it as, not only a lily, but a good idea! She wriggled a little and dropped another.

After a half hour of swift travel, the Indians halted.

"We will now kill the useless girl, hide her body under those logs over there, and then hurry on," said the leader.

"You must not kill us," cried Jemmy Boone, who had been familiar with the Shawano tongue since her childhood.

"Not you, but her," pointing to Becky.

"What does he say, Jemmy?" Becky asked. Jemmy told her.

Becky's face may have turned a shade paler but she answered bravely.

"You must not interfere nor anger them, Jemmy, or they will kill you and Bess, too."

But Jemmy herself was no coward—she was Daniel's own daughter in courage. She turned and spoke earnestly to the Shawano leader, telling him that he must not kill Becky Landers, or the white man's vengeance would follow him and his people forever, because Becky was beloved throughout Kentucky. Even Jemmy herself was amazed at the effect of her speech. The Indian who had raised his tomahawk, to make an end of Becky, dropped it again.

"Becky Landers!" and, "It is the White Witch-Doctor!" went from lip to lip.

"You know of her?" Jemmy asked, puzzled as to what all this might mean.

"Indians learn everything. It goes from tribe to tribe across the forest, like the wings of a bird through the sky. We know, as all the tribes know, that Becky Landers is the very powerful witch-doctor of the whites. We have heard how sometimes she is a girl and sometimes she is a boy, changing herself at will from the sewing woman to the hunter and warrior. We will take the White Witch-Doctor also to our towns. She will turn all the newly born girl children into

"The American Girl" is for all girls

many brave sons and warriors."

This also, at his command, Jemmy translated to Becky.

"Well, I can't make their babies over, Jemmy, and you know it," Becky said in her matter-of-fact way.

"No. And I'm afraid they'll kill you when they find it out."

"They may never find out. We'll be missed soon, Jemmy, and the men will come after us. I've been dropping lily petals, and tearing off bits of my sleeve. They'll find us. We have only to take care that we're alive when the men catch up with us. So, Jemmy, you tell the Shawanos that I'm a wonderful witch and that sometimes I turn into a wolf and even into a turkey. Tell them, Jemmy, and don't be afraid. I have a plan for helping the men to find us. And take as long as you can to tell it. Spin it out, Jemmy. Because the longer we can keep them standing here, the sooner our men will catch up with us."

Jemmy felt very dubious about the wisdom of Becky's orders, but she obeyed them. And she took as long as she could to tell the Shawanos. Becky helped her to delay by frequently interrupting her.

"Tell them my spells come on at night. When it is a dark night without stars, I am likely to become a turkey. But when there are both stars and clouds, as there will probably be tonight, I am most likely to be a wolf. However, that is not certain, for I may become a buffalo."

Still utterly mystified, Jemmy obediently transmitted this last bit of news also to their captors! The spell could not hold forever though. Presently one of the Indians remembered the danger of lingering there, within a few miles of Boonesborough. They picked up the girls again and dashed on at double speed.

At nightfall they made camp in the bed of a ravine by a tiny brook where they could build a small fire without its smoke rising, or its flames glowing through the forest to betray them. They fed the girls generously with the jerked meat they carried. Then they lay down to sleep, placing their prisoners inside the circle of warriors. In a moment or two Jemmy whispered:

"They are noticing that the sky is cloudy and are wondering if you are going to turn wolf and perhaps slit their throats."

"That won't do!" Becky replied, decidedly. "If they get scared that way, one of them will tomahawk me! Tell them, at this season of the year, I only talk to the other wolves and tell them not to hurt the young deer." Jemmy repeated this to the Shawanos.

"Becky," she said, "I've just figured out what's happened to make them believe you're a witch-doctor. They've heard how the men say you're as smart as a boy as you are a girl, because you can shout and hunt like a boy. They've got it twisted, and so they believe it's some magic that makes you over into a boy whenever you please!"

Presently Becky raised herself on her elbow and snarled. Immediately every Indian sat up. Snarling again at intervals, Becky slowly gathered herself up on her hands and knees.

"What you told us is true," a warrior said in awestruck tones to Jemmy Boone. "See! The sky has both clouds and stars and the White Witch-Doctor has become a wolf!"

"A wolf! It is true!" the others whispered, stupefied by the magic of Becky Landers crawling among them and alternately snarling and sniffing at the food remains. Presently Becky lifted her head and howled a long, most faithfully simulated wolf howl. She repeated it, with a slight but curious variation of her own. There was not a man in Boonesborough who did not know that call of Becky's. Somewhere on the trail behind them, which her lilies and bits of sleeve had marked, friends were, perhaps, following. They could not see the shreds and petals after dark; but they could hear that wolf-call, and learn from it the location of the Shawanos' camp!

"That is the call of the spirit-wolf who runs with her message to the forest wolves," Jemmy said to the Indians, so that they should not suspect any mischief. Twice more Becky repeated the calls; first the perfect imitation of the real wolf's howl and, after it, her own personal signal. Then she slowly resumed her natural shape and manner as Becky Landers and stretched out on the ground.

"Pretend to be asleep, so that they will go to sleep at once," she muttered through her final snarls.

Moving through the dark, slowly and cautiously, Boone and Kenton and the other men surrounded the camp to which they had been faithfully led by the White Witch-Doctor's very powerful magic. So softly did they approach, as they closed in on all sides, that not one snoring Indian woke. It was not till three of them stooped and picked up the girls and started off with them that the rescuing party made noise enough to rouse the red men. And then it was too late for the Shawanos to give battle. Those who attempted to reach for rifle or tomahawk were struck down.

"Becky Landers," said Simon Kenton, who was carrying her on his back, "that thar howling o' yours set us on the right trail sure 'nough, when we was plumb bewildered. But, tarnation, gal! That was the dingest fool chancet I ever knowed yer to take! What beats me is why they didn't tomahawk yer at the fust yelp."

"Oh, no, Simon," Becky answered, shaking with laughter and sobs now that the terrible strain was over. "You—you see, Simon—I've—I've turned Witch-Doctor! I—they—" She gave up, giggling helplessly as she mopped up her tears with her torn sleeve.

#### From the Editor

Those who are in this story meeting Becky Landers for the first time will be interested to know that a series of her adventures is appearing in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Each story is complete in itself, yet all have to do with this brave and daring girl of pioneer Kentucky—Becky Landers, who is valiantly helping her mother in the absence of her brother who has mysteriously disappeared—some think stolen by the Indians.



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## For Hammock and Workshop

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

FOR a long time I have wondered why I couldn't get interested in cowboy stories. Other people do; even cowboys, who, I am told, read them more than any other kind of book. But so far as I was concerned, Wild West stories were all pretty much alike, and I didn't like any of them very much. I thought I must have a blind spot in my eye.

And now comes a book—I suppose it is for boys—called *Prairie Treasure*, by Charles A. Hoyt (Century). It comes just at supper time and I do what I hope you are not so impolite as to do—open it at the table and begin, quite listlessly, to read. And the next thing it is ten o'clock at night and they've found the treasure and I am at the last page, having had a fine time. Then it strikes me that the reason why I have not found the usual Wild West novel interesting, is because it is usually all gummed up with love-affairs. Now you know when a man is prospecting or pioneering or hunting treasure he has to keep his mind on it, and in real life he usually does, but in a movie there is so much romance dragged in that it gets in the way of the action. In *Prairie Treasure* there are three nice boys with their father who take up land in Dakota in the prairie-schooner days, and meanwhile search for gold they know is buried somewhere on the place. Something happens every minute; there are half-breed bandits and roving Indians, and the only women are the school-teacher and a jolly Mrs. Foster who cooks "fried-cakes" and can shoot a man's hat off.

*The Old King's Treasure*, by Gladys Blake (Appleton), is buried far away from Dakota, indeed. An American boy and an American girl go to Sicily to search for it, and are captured by brigands. *We Must March*, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Stokes), is for grown-up readers, but I know you older girls will like it as well as I do. The early history of Oregon is full of thrills; and

a remarkable woman, Narcissa Whitman, had much to do with it. She was a missionary and married to a missionary—a lovely woman, greatly gifted, and the heroine of this tale, which comes to a climax in Marcus Whitman's epoch-making ride that gave Oregon to our Union. Did you know that one of the masterpieces of American literature, Francis Parkman's *Oregon Trail* (Little, Brown), has recently been published in a special edition for younger readers, beautifully illustrated in color? It is a book to own and to keep, for the story deals with a period of American history concerning which every good Girl Scout should be informed.

Pioneer days are not over in this country. In the Kentucky mountains there are settlements where even twenty years ago a glass window was a wonderful thing, a luxury worth going without much to get. Lucy Furman, in *The Glass Window* (Little, Brown), tells the story of how a load of these windows came to a mountain settlement (this one is at Hindman, Knott County) and what became of them, especially one that a wise old woman had to wait a long while to get, for her husband thought it was a sinful modern notion. Woven into the story are the romances of the two school-teachers, and plenty of laughter and tears. There is an old, old settlement in Zillah K. Macdonald's story for girls, *Cobblecorners* (Appleton). This is the name of a fishing village in Nova Scotia. *Cobblecorners* is a real out of door story, full of sea air and sports, jolly young people, and a nice girl who organizes a remarkable holiday party in these pine and salt regions.

Now for some books that are not stories. *Fundamentals of Dress Construction*, by Sibylla Manning and Anna M. Donaldson (Macmillan) is a textbook for classes in dressmaking, and girls who are teaching such classes will find it valuable in this way. But the charts and diagrams are so plain, the di-

*All the well-known writers are now writing for The American Girl*

rections so simply stated, that I should think anyone who could read, could learn to make clothes from it. Beginning with cutting a bias, basting, fastening with pins, and the stitches used in plain sewing, it takes up sleeves and plackets, waists, skirts and coats, with a special chapter on model making. The pictures are on a black background with the white stitches greatly magnified, so they show very plainly.

*The Dance*, by Margaret N. H'Doubler (Harcourt Brace), is also a textbook, and the author is a teacher of interpretative dancing at the University of Wisconsin, where she is Professor of Physical Education. There are careful directions for conducting classes, for exercises of every type, for costumes, both for practice and for public performances, and for the use of music. The costumes are of the very simplest construction, like paper-doll dresses, but of various kinds so that they look very different one from another; even the sandals may be made at home. I am surprised to read the book-list at the end of the volume, and see what a surprising number of books there are on the subject of the dance, but for its purpose I should think this one would be as useful as any teacher or organizer of interpretative dances could need.

The third book is *Stars and Their Stories*, by Muriel Kinney (Appleton). This teaches a young star-gazer how to recognize the constellations and tells the legends of old time from which their names are derived. It is simple in its language for quite young children; indeed it would make a good book for you to read aloud to your little sister or brother. There are star charts for every month of the year, and these may be used by any member of the family.

I must take a line or two more to tell you of two places where you can write for information about plays to give this summer in camp. The Womans Press, 600 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., publishes a great many plays and pageants, and if you write to their Committee of Pageantry and the Drama, they will advise you in your selection. Samuel French, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City, for years a famous publisher of plays, has a special list of *Plays for Girls* that has excellent entertainments for your purpose. And I must not leave out the little plays published by D. Appleton and Co., 35 West 32nd Street, New York City, in art paper covers. They range from Arabian fantasies rich in color, like Constance Wilcox's *The Blue and Green Mat of Abdul Hassan*, to Joseph Lincoln's Cape Cod comedy, *The Managers*, with plenty of choice along the way. Colin Campbell Clement's *Plays for a Folding Theatre* (Appleton) is a collection that older groups of play-givers will find valuable: the seven little dramas act very well and are not hard to produce. *Plays for School and Camp*, by Katharine Lora (Little, Brown), is another collection that will be well worth putting into the trunk to take to camp, if you are to have drama there.



## VACATION READING

Last month we recommended Katharine Adams' books, because they give you such a real sense of American girls in far-off lands. This month we suggest Cornelia Meigs; her stories make places and people nearby take on a new romance in the light of American history. They are stories of both east and west; boys and girls of today, besides those out of history.

**Rain on the Roof.** By Cornelia Meigs. Illustrated by Edith Ballinger Price. \$1.75

Miss Meigs' newest book. Some young people in a New England town help solve a mystery and find a fortune.

**The New Moon.** By Cornelia Meigs. Frontispiece by Marguerite de Angeli. \$2.00

The adventures of an Irish boy and his dog; their friendship with an Indian boy and girl; how they shaped history in pioneer days in the Missouri Valley. Miss Meigs' success of 1925.

**Master Simon's Garden.** By Cornelia Meigs. \$2.00

Miss Meigs' first historical writing, a most unusual romance of three generations in colonial and revolutionary times in New England. Considered a classic by critics, and well loved by readers of 11 to 15.

**The Pool of Stars.** By Cornelia Meigs. \$1.50

The mystery of a ruined house, and the attempts made by a boy and girl, preparing for college, to solve it. Their friendship for the owner of the old house and the pool of stars brings them strange tales.

**The Windy Hill.** By Cornelia Meigs. \$1.50

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## The Girl Scout Entertains

(Continued from page 25)

as guests an ancient and honorable art. And now for the menus. I know that as Girl Scouts you will try to make the various foods and dishes yourselves. For here again food bought is never the same as that made by the hands of the hostess who gives her time, her effort, and especially her loving care in making something that will really express her feeling and love toward her guests.

Who knows the best way to make delicious dainty sandwiches? Use bread at least a day old so that it will not crumble; take a small amount of butter and beat with a fork until creamy; have ready the filling you are going to use, and combine it and enough softened butter to make it spread easily. Now spread on the bread, *before it is sliced*. Do all the spreading and slicing, and then take the slices in pairs and press firmly together. Trim the crusts slightly. Then cut the sandwiches as your taste suggests; cut diagonally in three fingers or sections; into diamonds or triangles; or pile three pairs of slices on top of each other, and then slice straight through—this will make a striped effect or "mosaic" sandwich. Wrap sandwiches at once in waxed paper, then in a damp towel and keep chilled until serving time.

If you have made a large cake, cut it into small oblongs, not into triangular slices which are difficult to eat. One way with a round cake is to cut out a thick circle from the center, and then slice the outer ring into neat portions. If you are using small cakes, you may add a spoon of soft icing to the top, and then insert a candied cherry, nutmeat, or half a marshmallow. The beverage should also be made long in advance and kept chilled. In some cases the gingerale or "charged water" should of course be added the last moment, to make the most "fizz." If you are serving your drink or punch in separate glasses, then garnish the side or edge with half a cut lemon, or orange, or a spray of seasonable berries like cherries or blackberries. Always remember that even the simplest foods taste better if they look attractive. Entertaining gives a Girl Scout many changes to show how artistic she is, and with what charm she can make fancy dishes from even plain ingredients.

I hope that many of you will include fruit sherbets or ices and home-made ice-creams in your menus. These frozen dainties are easy to make, are pretty to look at, and deliciously cool and refreshing. Just now there are or soon will be many seasonable fruits, perhaps from your own garden—such as cherries, raspberries and currants, peaches, and so on.

Here are the menus at last. Which do you think you will serve when next you entertain? Of course, the weather and the materials you have at hand will help you choose—and your guests. If you have boys at your party, you will probably want more substantial food, for they are always hungry, while just girls would adore the rose buffet.

### Menu One

Brown Bread	Pimiento Cheese
Sliced Cucumber Sandwiches	
White Bread	Deviled Ham or Tongue Paste
Potato and Hard-cooked Egg Salad	
Minced Parsley or Cress	
Raspberry and Currant Sherbet	
Assorted Wafers	Gingerale

### Menu Two

Tomato Cups stuffed with Crab or Shrimp	
Nutbread and Lettuce Mayonnaise Sandwiches	
Devil's Food Cake	Pineapple Lemonade

### Menu Three

(Pink or Rose Buffet)

Shredded Pineapple	
Grated Coconut and Rose Leaf Salad	
White Bread	Raspberry Jam
Whipped Cream Sandwiches	
White Mountain Cake, Rose Garnish	
Cherry or Currant Ice	
Cherry or Currant or Red Raspberry Punch	

### Menu Four

Watercress	Devilled Egg Sandwiches
Peanut Butter	Mayonnaise Sandwiches
Date Delights	
Grape Frappé	Iced Tea

I am sure that any Girl Scout can make the dishes given in menu one, except the raspberry and currant sherbet:

### Raspberry and Currant Sherbet

2 cups sugar  
¾ cup raspberry juice  
¼ strained red currant juice  
4 cups water

It will take at least 1 quart of the ripe, picked over fruit to make the required juice. Sprinkle ½ cup of the sugar over the fruit and let stand an hour. Strain through fine sieve. Make syrup of remaining sugar and water by boiling together 5 minutes. Add fruit juices, cool and freeze in 3 parts chipped ice to 1 part rock salt. When half stiff, remove lid and add 2 stiffly whipped egg whites. Continue freezing; then "pack" for 1 hour with dasher removed.

In menu two, the tomato cups are made by removing the pulp from ripe and evenly-small red tomatoes. Sprinkle inside with salt; mix some of the pulp with mayonnaise and canned crab, shrimp, or lobster, picked over and cut into even dice. Return to cup and top with star of mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaf.

The nutbread is delicious for all sandwiches, for tea, or lunchbox use. Here is how you make it and the devil's food cake:

### Nutbread

3 cups flour	1 teaspoon salt
1 egg	
1 cup chopped walnut meats	
3 teaspoons baking powder	
½ cup sugar	1½ cups milk

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add milk, beaten egg and nuts. Place in well-greased loaf breadpan and let rise in warm place 30 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

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*Devil's Food Cake*

2 tablespoons butter  
 2 tablespoons grated chocolate  
 2 teaspoons baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 12 walnut meats  
 1 cup sugar  
 2 cups flour  
 1 cup milk  
 2 cups seeded raisins

Cream butter, add sugar, and beat well. Melt chocolate over hot water and add to butter. Mix and sift flour with baking powder and add alternately with milk. Add the raisins and the nutmeats broken fine and well floured. Then flavoring. Mix well. Bake in a round pan, or in 3 layers. When cool, frost with white icing and make fancy flutings on top.

The Rose Buffet is very dainty, and just suited to young girls, graduation and June! The salad should be well drained and the rose leaves and a whipped cream dressing added just before serving. Place a whole rose petal on top of each salad. To make the pink or rose sandwiches, whip the cream and add enough raspberry jam to give right color. Keep well chilled. Make the currant ice by the recipe for raspberry and currant sherbet.

For the sandwiches in Menu Four, mash the hard yokes of eggs and season highly with catsup, a little made mustard or potted ham or tongue. Lightly spread on either white or brown bread, press in a spray of watercress, and cover with similar slice. To make the peanut butter sandwiches, soften the butter with a fork and add just enough mayonnaise to make it spread easily.

*Date Delights*

1 lb stoned dates 1/2 cup sugar  
 1 teaspoon baking powder  
 1 cup walnut meats 2 tablespoons flour  
 2 eggs Pinch of salt

Mix flour and baking powder with salt. Add dates and nuts, floured, then fold in the well-whipped eggs. Bake in a buttered sheet cake pan, in slow oven. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

*Grape Frappé*

4 cups water 1/4 cup lemon juice  
 2 cups grape juice 2 cups sugar  
 1 1/2 cup orange juice

Boil water and sugar together for 5 minutes. Add fruit juices. Cool and freeze.

If you have especially good recipes of your own, don't hesitate to substitute them—and, of course, you will want to enter them in "My Favorite Recipe" Contest described on page 34.



## Look at the Leaders

among your schoolmates, at Summer Camp, in your social group—always they are happy girls, athletic girls, healthy girls. For personality is largely a matter of vitality—glowing, radiant health.

## Shredded Wheat

provides all the food elements necessary to nourish body, bone and brain. Just enough BRAN to eliminate the poisons of less healthful food. Two biscuits a day give you added pep and energy. Cooling and refreshing with cold milk and sugar. Make a daily habit of Shredded Wheat this Summer and reap new rewards of extra attractiveness.



**TRY IT A WEEK AND SEE**

If you do not now take "The American Girl," why not try our Special "Get Acquainted" offer of 5 issues for 50c -- open ONLY to new subscribers?

*Pin Money, and more—Earn It!*

### Sell KNOBBY KRAFT Novelty Jewelry

Sterling Silver Pins, Clasps, Rings, Thimbles, Perfumettes, Bracelets, Combs, etc.

An easy way to earn money for Clubs, Troops, Societies and Churches.

Send no money. 30 days to pay. Unsold goods can be exchanged or returned.

A solid white gold, basket pattern ring is offered as a prize to the girl selling the most goods from each package.

Mail coupon to

**The KNOBBY KRAFTERS**  
 Attleboro, Mass.

The KNOBBY KRAFTERS  
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I would like to know more about your easy plan to earn money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

*Because it brings pleasure for a longer time—5 months*



## Why a Tailored Uniform?

Like Captain, like troop—that is why officers should set their troops an example of smartness and grooming by wearing a perfect fitting uniform.

Our uniforms fill these specifications, because they are tailor made. They are cut to individual

measure and in accordance with Girl Scout regulations. The cloth and workmanship are of the finest.

Prices and samples of materials cheerfully furnished upon request. Uniforms can be made from olive drab serge or khaki, as desired.

Write direct to  
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149-151 West 36th Street New York, N. Y.

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MACON, GA.

Wesleyan is a standard college offering a four-year course leading to the A. B. degree. Six hundred students, sixty officers and teachers. Located in the heart of the South. Splendid climate, outdoor sports, Conservatory advantages.

Write for catalogues and view book

The President of Wesleyan College  
Macon, Georgia

## Girl Scout Conventions for Girls

(Continued from page 32)

playground, fitted up by the city, which also furnished a leader in charge of it.

### In Albany an American Girl Rally

Gladima Scout was terribly excited last April tenth. She was in Albany, attending an AMERICAN GIRL Rally held by Girl Scouts there and many from neighboring towns.

Think how proud and joyous our stories and poems and advertisements must have felt as they stepped forth out of the pages and onto a real stage in a series of tableaux written by Mrs. Blanche Coonley Blessing.

"And, what do you think," Gladima poured forth the next day, "There's a mothers' troop in Albany. Every member of this troop has a Girl Scout daughter, and the Captain of it is Mrs. Jansen, who is the mother of a Golden Eaglet and another Girl Scout daughter. Recently they had a mother-daughter supper attended by 178 people."

"Second Lieutenants Attention!" Gladima holds up an important document. "You may all attend the Second National Training School for Girl Scout officers," she reads, "at Rock Hill Camp, Mahopac, New York, from June 25 to July 9."

### A Press Club in Kenosha, Wis.

An inter-troop Press Club carries out an extensive program in Kenosha, Wis. Each reporter is responsible for reporting the weekly meeting and events of special interest of her troop to the Girl Scout column of the *Kenosha Evening News*. A serious study of journalism is also under way. A member of the *Kenosha News* staff is advisor to the club.

Another club function is to publish the *Kenoscout*, the official magazine for Girl Scouts of the community. Lives of famous women journalists are also studied, one of whom has been Helen Ferris, editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

### From Scotland

Dear Harriet: I am so glad to have your name. I enjoyed reading the copies you sent me of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

There was a bit of excitement last night. A ship went on the rocks nearby. Everybody was down seeing her. There has been such fog that no boats have called in, and Glasgow was like night for three days. . . . As some of the Guides were getting off the train for the Rally last week they saw a porter fall and cut his head. He was knocked unconscious. A Girl Guide at once ran over, loosened tight clothing, brought water, and bandaged up his head before he returned to consciousness. Two burly policemen arrived but found the man in as good hands as theirs, so their assistance wasn't needed. Wasn't it splendid?—Love from Greta. ARGYLLSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

"Girl-Scout-Bend-the-Bow" and the archery badge next month

## When Girl Scout Friends Meet

(Continued from page 13)

There was the story of how the Girl Scouts in the Santa Barbara earthquake relinquished their camp fund that food might be bought for the sufferers. There was the Thrift Campaign of the Colorado Springs Girl Scouts when so many savings accounts were opened in the banks. There was the mounted troop of Leavenworth, Kansas, in which every Girl Scout rides a horse. There was word of the splendid new Girl Scout rooms recently given the Manhattan Girl Scouts in the Heckscher building. News—news—news and the Girl Scouts! If only we could put it all into this story! But you shall have it during the coming year. For you are to have more news of other troops in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and you may be sure the interesting convention stories will not be forgotten.

There was news, too, of our Local Councils, with the climax in the presentation of a banner to the Council who, during the past year, had done the best all-round work. The Council of Charleston, West Virginia, is now the proud possessor of this banner, presented to Miss Harriet Knickerbocker, our Local Director there.

Nor was the gathering of news all that happened at this Convention. Together the Girl Scout leaders made plans for the coming year, under the guidance of Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, our National Director, who knows so well what girls enjoy doing, what you can do—and what you, as Girl Scouts, hope to accomplish. Together our leaders, with Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, our able Treasurer, decided upon the National Budget, just as you, in your troops, talk of your own budget, deciding upon what you must spend and how you will raise the money for it. Each of us, as a Girl Scout, has a very real share in our plans as a National Organization and in our own National Headquarters. For do we not pay registration fees? And is there not a card at National Headquarters on which the name of each of us appears? Yes, our leaders met at the Convention—but the Girl Scouts of every troop were there, nevertheless.

You would have been interested, too, could you have heard Miss Elizabeth Kemper Adams, head of our Education Department, tell of the Girl Scout Training courses, and Mrs. Sybil Newell describe the many letters that come into National Headquarters and how the Field Department helps troops everywhere in their Girl Scouting. Then Mrs. Frederick Edey, Chairman of the Field Department and Editor of the *Girl Scout Leader*, told, in her sprightly way, of the plans for *The Leader*. Mrs. Bertha Chapman Cady, our Girl Scout Naturalist, also had new plans—some of which you will find in this issue of our magazine. And camping plans, too—brought by Miss Louise Price, head of our National Camp Department. Yes,

(Continued on page 51)



## The Call to CAMP ANDREE This Summer

In the heart of beautiful, rugged Westchester County yet only thirty miles from New York by train or motor.

Life is lived out-of-doors. The patrol system has been adopted with each patrol in its own encampment.

Woods, hills and dales to roam—and directly below the camp tucked away 'neath the hillside is an emerald gem of a lake where swimming and boating is available with complete and dependable supervision.

Complete instruction for girls fourteen years or older, interested in becoming Girl Scout Leaders.

**Open July 2nd to September 3rd—Rate \$10.00 per week**

A glorious experience—this life in the open!

Send for circulars of complete description.

MISS ELIN LINDBERG, Camp Manager

National Headquarters **GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**, 670 Lexington Ave. New York City

### CAMP WADAGA

Lake Winnepesaukee

N. H.

*A Camp with a conscience*

All land and water sports

Credits for Girl Scout Merit Badges given

Season June 30th—August 25th

Girls 8—18 years. Booklet

A. L. BURRAGE, 65 Lowell St., Reading, Mass.

### MILLERSBURG COLLEGE

Founded 1850

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### POCH-A-WACHNE

An ideal mountain camp for girls

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### KEOKUK CAMP

(8th Season)

On the shores of beautiful Pentucket Lake, in the quaint old town of Georgetown, Mass., twenty-five miles from Boston. Send for booklet. **July 6th to August 31st**

Month, \$80.00 \$150.00 Season

MRS. MARGARET L. FOX  
2 Abbott Street Danvers, Mass.

*Want extra camp equipment this summer? Get acquainted with Jane. See page 54*

## Satisfy Your Outdoor Appetite



**This Complete Sterno Stove Only 25c**

Tang of the outdoors! Long hikes to mountain, seashore, lake—and such an appetite! Satisfy it with all the good things you know how to cook, on this complete Sterno Stove. It folds flat, weighs only 8 oz. and is ready in an instant to appease your hunger. Ideal for use in your room at home.

Sold by dealers everywhere or send 25c to Sterno Corp., 9 East 37th Street, New York City, Dept. 404, and we'll send you prepaid, stove, can of Sterno Canned Heat and handy extinguisher. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

**STERNO CANNED HEAT**

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## Peppie Pasters



**YOU** can have loads of fun with *Peppie Pasters*. Stick them around on things! Make your friends laugh! Send them letters with the funny *Peppie Pasters*—the newest fad.

How clever your friends will think you are! Just the thing for memory books, snapshot albums, masquerade costumes. Seal your letter and packages. These comic stickers are perforated and gummed like a sheet of postage stamps.

### Fun to Get—Fun to Send

105 funny little cartoons, no two alike, by a famous artist for only a dime! Get them from your dealer. If he can't supply you, put 10c., coin or stamps, and your name and address in an envelope for each one of the series you want. There are three different series (A.B.C.), each with 105 different stamps. Make a collection. Mail to *White and Wyckoff Mfg. Co.*, Dept. M-1, Holyoke, Mass. You will have a hundred dollars worth of fun.



**WHITE & WYCKOFF MFG. CO.**  
Dept. M-1, Holyoke, Mass.

I want *Peppie Pasters* and I want 'em quick. Enclosed is a dime for 105 of them. My dealer hasn't them yet.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State .....

Dealer's Name .....

## The Deserted Adobe

(Continued from page 12)

ed this desolate spot in the mountains. "I'll go back to the car and wait for Dennis," she thought with chattering teeth. She went to the door. It was raining as hard as ever, and to her terror of the empty house was added another terror. The water had reached the door and was lapping against the sill.

"You mustn't lose your head," she admonished herself mechanically. "There is no danger if you keep your head. Let me see, there were cypresses back of the house, then the hill and the Barnes' cabin. I'll follow the wall of the house around to the back and then go up the hill. I can stay with the Barnes till the storm is over."

Lap, lap went the water against the sill. The rain drummed on the roof. Elsie looked at the dark flood, put out her foot, drew it back. She would wait a little and call. Maybe Dennis was already back at the car, hunting for her. She put her hands to her mouth and called, and her cry went ringing into the darkness. It seemed to have a magical effect, for all at once the rain ceased.

"But it won't rise much more now the rain has stopped," thought Elsie, shrinking back. "I can't wade that!"

She sat down on a block of wood lying on the edge of the plank floor. It was very dark in the room, but she could see the illuminated figures on her wrist watch. Nearly six o'clock!

A sound from the dark inner room nearly stopped her heart. It was the sound of something moving stealthily, and it was followed by a strangled, long-drawn cry.

Elsie moaned and covered her face with her hands. Darkness and that awful cry, and she was here alone! She thought of her father, far away in a warm, light house, knowing nothing of her plight. She thought of her uncle and aunt and Peggy, of Dennis. The strangled cry was repeated and something gave way in her brain. She jumped up and plunged toward the door. The shock of cold water about her ankles checked her for an instant, but the cry came again, inarticulate and horrible.

She still had sense enough left to cling to the wall of the house, and, setting her teeth in a desperate effort of the will, she groped her way along the clammy adobe and scaling plaster.

Her hand touched a beam, then found only space. A wooden sill told her that she had reached a window. Before she could feel her way past it that terrible cry rang out in her very ear.

Elsie's hand dropped from the sill and she plunged into the darkness, striking now a wet tree, now a boulder. The cypresses made an almost impenetrable wall, but she fought her way through.

Beyond the cypresses the ground rose abruptly under her feet and with a throb of thankfulness she felt earth beneath her. She was beyond the water at last; but before she had time to taste the comfort of this there was a splash and a snort behind her, and some great crea-

ture rushed past, sending drops of water into her face. It was too much for poor Elsie. The world went out in blackness.

She came back to consciousness to see a shaft of cheerful light across her, and two figures in a doorway above her head.

"Here she is now! Elsie, Elsie!" cried Dennis Harwood's anxious voice, and Elsie, still swimming on the edge of consciousness, felt herself being lifted in strong arms and carried to safety.

It was nearly an hour later before Elsie, revived by steaming coffee and secure in the depths of a big armchair, was able to tell her adventure.

"But I don't understand why you didn't come straight up here," said Dennis. "When I saw the cloudburst I kept thinking, 'Well, she'll make for Matt Barnes' cabin the first thing.'"

"It came so quickly," shivered Elsie.

"There, there, honey, you're safe now," Mrs. Barnes put in soothingly. But as she spoke there came out of the night a strangled wail. All the color drained from Elsie's cheeks.

"Oh," she murmured with shaking lips, "there it is again!" She hid her face in Mrs. Barnes' comfortable bosom.

"There's what?" demanded Matt and Dennis in chorus.

"That—that sound! The thing that was in the house!"

They listened, and as the muffled unearthly wail came once more through the night Matt Barnes slapped his knee and burst into a great laugh. "Well, well," he said, "didn't you ever hear a mule bray before?"

"A mule?" Elsie repeated faintly.

"That's our old mule Manuel. It isn't a pretty voice, is it? But Manuel wouldn't hurt you. He was probably asking you to untie him so he could get away from the water. He thought the 'dobe was going to be unhealthy with all that water swishing around."

"Only a mule!" murmured Elsie, and her pale cheeks grew scarlet. "What a stupid coward I am."

"A sound like that's enough to scare anyone with all that storm and racket and nothing but a half ruined adobe to shelter you," said Mrs. Barnes, shaking her head at her husband. "You've no call to laugh, Matt. Don't you go all of a tremble when you cross a city street?"

"That's so," said Matt with a shame-faced grin. "And it was a bad enough storm to scare anybody."

He went out, still chuckling to himself. Dennis looked down at Elsie with grave kindness.

"Never mind," he said, "You've been a brick, Elsie."

"You really mean it?" she stammered. "You—you don't despise me for being such a coward?"

"Rather not!" he said with conviction. "I could kick myself for having left you in the lurch. Sure you feel all right now?"

"I feel as well as ever," said Elsie, bright-eyed. She didn't mind who laughed at her now, since Dennis had praised her.

*An Ernest Thompson Seton story in August*

## When Girl Scout Friends Meet

(Continued from page 49)

St. Louis was indeed a meeting place of friends in April.

And, of course, the girls had their own corner at the Convention. There it was, in the room with the National Equipment Department's exhibit and the Nature corner and the Education Department's corner—THE AMERICAN GIRL corner, visited by many Girl Scouts during the week. The St. Louis girls knew it was there because, before the Convention opened, Dean Arnold and Helen Ferris, your Editor, met with five hundred Girl Scouts in one of the St. Louis high schools. There Dean Arnold told the story of a brave Girl Scout, the same story which will soon be published in our magazine. And there Helen Ferris asked the girls to vote on the kinds of stories and the kinds of things-to-make pages which they wish to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Another kind of page came to THE AMERICAN GIRL corner, too—the Convention pages, Girl Scouts who were very helpful throughout the week. And other Girl Scouts arrived to talk with Helen Ferris and Camille Davied about the magazine, to admire the original paintings of the covers and story illustrations which were on display and to inspect the advertising exhibit attractively arranged by Mr. Elliott P. Henry, our advertising manager. To this corner, too, Troop 10 of St. Louis brought a doll dressed as a Girl Scout. And Troop 25 set up the doll house that they have been making for their Homemaker's Badge.

No story of our Twelfth Annual Convention would be complete without mention of the gay and merry banquet, so delightfully presided over by Mrs. Edey at which Mrs. Rippin and Mrs. Hoover and others spoke, and where we were entertained with songs from the Irondale camp, at which many of our leaders had spent the week just before Convention.

And on Saturday there was the beautiful Spring Festival, presented by over a thousand Girl Scouts of St. Louis in the Field House of Washington University. Promptly at two-thirty, the Herald came forth in quaint costume, followed by the Queen and the Jester and the Train Bearers and Health and Good Citizenship. Across the long floor they walked in triumphant dignity, up to a throne at the end of the room, where they seated themselves in state. And what a glad some throng then came to pay them tribute! By troops they arrived, these visitors from many lands—these English and Swedish and Spanish and Chinese folk and many more—all in costume. With Tumblers and Cooks and Seamstresses and Archery girls and Indian Club girls—coming and coming and coming in their reds and blues and yellows and greens and purples—until one almost laughed aloud for joy in the color of it. And truly a festival it was, with the girls enjoying themselves as much as the audience.

Beside the St. Louis Symphony Or-



## CAMPING

**W**OMEN, our mothers and grown sisters, have known the fine quality of VENUS Sanitary Apparel for years, but it is only recently that VENUS garments have been especially designed for girls—the outdoor girl and the girl in camp. And it is even more important in camp than at home that one should have at hand every means of assuring one's comfort.

VENUS khaki color silk Sanitary Bloomers and elastic Sanitary Belts match khaki colored camp clothes. VENUS Compressed Sanitary Napkins are made of finest surgical cotton in softly knitted seamless covers compressed into tiny individual boxes that slip into the pocket or kit bag. Sold in department stores and camp stores. Ask to see the demonstrator package.

Manufactured by Venus Corporation, New York



chestra, which played the music, stood Miss Oleda Schrottky—yes, the same Miss Schrottky, whose stories have entranced you on her visits to you, the same Miss Schrottky, who knows so well how to create beautiful things, and, who has written many of our Girl Scout plays for us. She it is who was Director of the Festival. She it is who, many months ago, planned it for the Girl Scouts of St. Louis.

Ever since it was first planned by Miss Schrottky, Miss Eleanor Piper, the St. Louis Director, and the Captains of St. Louis under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Hugo Ehrenfest, have been busily at work upon it. Each troop knew just what it was to do. If the girls were to be the Chinese in the Festival, at troop meetings they learned their Chinese

dance and made their costumes. The girls who were to be "Cooks" became cooks indeed, by earning their Cook Merit Badge. And so on. Once a month, during the winter, the girls held intertroop "sings" at which they learned the songs that were part of their program. Then, at the last, one large rehearsal together and they were ready.

It was a joyous ending to a happy week, and as the Girl Scouts, dressed in the costumes of many nations, danced and sang and frolicked together, the thoughts of our leaders flew to the Camp Edith Macy where so soon the Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders from these same countries will go gather.

Friends in Girl Scouting—a friendliness, a togetherness which reaches around the world.

**Yes—Open to all new subscribers—5 months for 50c**

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*An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops*

High Grade Hexagon Pencils, Fancy Gilt Tips, Red Erasers, in Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Lavender or Gray Enamel, with name of the Troop, Organization or any other short inscription in Gilt or Silver Lettering

During the past year we printed nearly three million of our "Benefit Pencils." We are still at it and at this very minute they are earning money for Girl Scout Troops, High School Associations and Classes, Churches, Lodges, etc., in all parts of the country. The pencils we furnish are of excellent quality, having the easy writing graphite, gilt tips, red rubber erasers, and can be had all in one color or assorted, with any short inscription up to 35 or 40 letters in gilt or silver. Every pencil bears an appropriate inscription telling the purpose for which the money is being raised.

Everybody uses pencils and will gladly purchase one or more for their own use, receiving full value for the small amount of money spent and helping a worthy cause at the same time. Business houses, offices, etc., usually purchase them by the dozen or gross and you will be surprised to see how quickly they sell. Many School Clubs and Girl Scout Troops carry the pencils in stock during the year and as large quantities are continually being used, a handsome profit is secured in this way.

We are making a Special Rate of \$4.50 per gross, terms net cash 30 or 60 days from date of invoice, f. o. b. Camden, New York. Subject to a discount of 2% if

paid within ten days, and delivery charges allowed if account is paid within 30 days. All goods are usually shipped within 48 hours from receipt of order.

While the larger organizations usually order in quantities of at least seven gross (1,000 pencils) at a time, we will print any quantity from TWO GROSS up at the above rate and allow a full 30 or 60 day credit on all orders.

As a special inducement to have your order read for at least seven gross we are giving A PARKER DUOFOLD GOLD MOUNTED PENCIL FREE with each order for the above quantity.

Why not let us send you some pencils which can be easily sold at five cents each? This means a profit of \$2.70 per gross or nearly \$20.00 on every seven gross sale.

Remember—we do not ask a single penny in advance, thus giving you the opportunity to conduct the sale and do all the collecting before sending us our share of the proceeds. In other words—we finance the investment for you—no fuss—no risk—no worry!

Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your troop?

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly, and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.



## THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

CAMDEN, NEW YORK

### Special Offer



**A Genuine Parker Lady Duofold  
Gold Mounted Pencil  
Free of all Cost**

To each Girl Scout Troop ordering at least seven gross of the pencils at a time, we will give one of the above pencils free of all cost. We suggest that this be awarded to the member of the Troop selling the most pencils during the campaign.

A. G. June '26 ..... 19....  
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Gentlemen:  
You may send us ..... gross "Benefit Pencils" in .....  
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It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more  
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Pencil—free.

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No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being  
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*When writing to advertisers please mention "The American Girl"*

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Think of all the things you could do with this extra money—a new coat or hat, perhaps, or a new dress. Or if you prefer, you might use it to take a trip or to visit some friend in another locality. If you like, you can save the money for your summer vacation, which will be here sooner even than you think.

Hundreds of girls of all ages in all parts of the country are earning Pin-Money in this easy, pleasant, dignified way—and you can do as well as any of them! You need no previous business experience of any kind, and there is absolutely no expense to you.

You earn this money by acting as Representative for the AMERICAN GIRL and taking care of new and renewal subscriptions in your locality. The AMERICAN GIRL is published for ALL GIRLS, and right now you doubtless know a number of friends who would be glad to subscribe through you.

It's so easy to get subscriptions for the AMERICAN GIRL. This year there'll be more stories than ever, by authors selected by our girls themselves, as well as wonderful articles of all kinds, including a monthly "Good Looks" page—a new feature this year. Grown-ups, too, are glad to take AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions as birthday presents for girls they know. There's a harvest of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions around you—why don't you reap it?

You are cordially invited to join our "Earn-Your-Own" Club. Just mail the coupon below, and we'll do the rest. You don't have to be a Girl Scout to join!

Dept. 6-A, THE AMERICAN GIRL,  
670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Thank you for the invitation to join the "Earn-Your-Own" Club. Please send me everything I'll need to get AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions.

Name .....

Local .....

Address .....

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### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Mary was seated at the breakfast table and as usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the bill of fare, because very earnestly and soberly, she remarked: "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."  
—Junior World.

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout"  
By DORIS F. CUMMINS and ADELE B. BUCKWALTER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



### Boyish?

THAIS: What is a shingle bob?

CONNIE: A chip off the back of the block.

### Coming or Going

MARY (putting up picture): I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go to, anyway?

MATTY: It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and they're headed in another.—Lehigh Burr.  
Sent by ETHEL MEDHUS, St. Paul, Minn.

### An Ancient Science

"Did you know?" asked our teacher, "that the science of geometry existed during biblical times?"

"Sure," said a smart freshe. "Didn't Noah make the first ark?"—Almanac.  
Sent by JULIA HEIT, New York City.

### There's Always a Reason

KIND LADY:  
Poor little girl—toothache?

P. L. G.: No, ma'am, sweets.



### A Question of Letters

PAT: What is a twelve-letter word meaning letter-carrier?

NAT: Mailman.

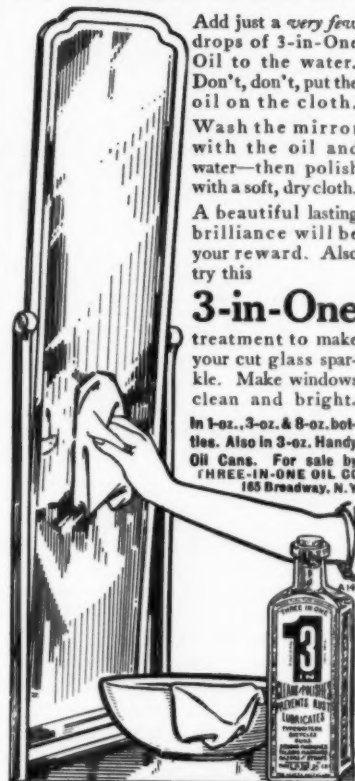
PAT (counting on his fingers): That's only seven.

NAT: The rest are in his bag.

—New York American.

Sent by SYLVIA LACKER, Hartford, Conn.

## To Polish Mirrors



Add just a *very few* drops of 3-in-One Oil to the water. Don't, don't, put the oil on the cloth.

Wash the mirror with the oil and water—then polish with a soft, dry cloth.

A beautiful lasting brilliance will be your reward. Also try this

### 3-in-One

treatment to make your cut glass sparkle. Make windows clean and bright.

In 1-oz., 3-oz. & 8-oz. bottles. Also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. For sale by THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 Broadway, N. Y.

## GIRLS!

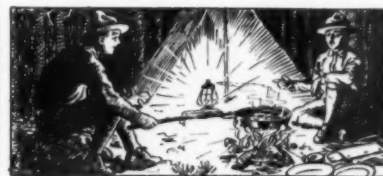
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100 letterheads \$2 post  
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Sheets are BAS-RELIEF ENGRAVED in top center with name and address in 3 lines. Envelopes to match with name and address on flap. Paper is high-grade 20-lb. Bond. Beautiful dark blue Gothic type. Send \$2 with name and address plainly written.

BLUE QUILL STATIONERY CO.  
42 Battery Street  
Boston, Mass.

CAPTAINS: Your Troops can earn money easily soliciting orders for stationery. Write for liberal commission proposition.



Crisp, sizzling bacon! Steaming brown flap-jacks! Hot cocoa! What a feed. All done and served in a jiffy with a Cello Mess Kit. A handy, compact, one-man outfit for camping, or any meal in the open.

## CELLO

### MESS KITS - CANTEENS

Cello Mess Kits are made of aluminum, 7 pieces—frying pan, stew pan, pail, pail cover, drinking cup, tin fork and spoon, all packed in a khaki bag with shoulder strap. Weight 26 ounces. Price \$3.00.

Cello Aluminum Canteen with removable khaki cover (felt lined). Holds one quart. Weight 10 ounces. Price \$2.75.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to

A. S. CAMPBELL CO.

162 Prescott St

East Boston, Mass.

Girl Scouts who showed courage—their stories next month



Sally, Paula and Dorothy were going to camp and Jane wanted to go with them—they talked it over many times

## Jane Paddles Her Own Canoe

By OLIVE PATTERSON

SPRING was in the air. Outside the grass was already becoming green, the flowers were beginning to show tiny buds, and on the boughs of the trees 'round the school, the birds twittered as they hurried to and fro carrying straws and bits of sticks for their nests.

Jane glanced out the window, and let her thoughts wander afield, concerned with the coming summer vacation, which now seemed so near. There were so many things she planned to do—she and her chums—when school was over for the year. They had talked them over together so many times.

Sally, Paula and Dorothy were going to camp with the Girl Scouts, and Jane wanted to go with them. But Dad's business hadn't been so good during the past few months. Jane's mother had told her that perhaps they could manage her actual expenses but said that Jane would have to get along without the "extras"—the bits of equipment which every outdoor girl prizes so highly.

"But I need those 'extras' so badly," thought Jane, "how can I get along without a flashlight when we go on night hikes? I'd be stumbling all over the place—and may take some mighty bad tumbles. And without a wristwatch I'd always have to be asking the other girls the time—and if I happened to be alone, I'd never know what o'clock it was! But how am I ever going to get the money to pay for them?" Jane said to herself as she turned in at her gate. "I just can't ask Mother or Dad—they're going to pay my fare and expenses, and that's about all they can do. Well, anyway, here's my AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE, and I can look at the camp pictures and pretend I have all the things I want."

Jane sat down on the porch rail, and began to look through the magazine. Suddenly she stopped

short and stared at the page. There was the coveted flashlight—just like Dorothy's, and—yes—there was the identical wrist watch Paula had shown her. And, Oh Joy, under the pictures were the magic words—EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU FOR CAMP EQUIPMENT. Feverishly she read the words underneath. They invited her to write to THE AMERICAN GIRL, join the "Earn-Your-Own" Club, and earn money by securing subscriptions for THE AMERICAN GIRL. When the New York train left that evening, it carried a letter from Jane to the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, containing a coupon like the one below, filled out with Jane's name and address. Soon a reply came—with everything necessary; an order book, instructions, and an official looking card of authority signed by the Editor and the Circulation Manager.

Remembering that THE AMERICAN GIRL is a magazine not only for Girl Scouts but for all girls, Jane started after subscriptions that very afternoon. She showed her copy to the girls, and told them how much she was enjoying the thrilling mystery serial. Four of them subscribed on the spot, and two more promised to bring their money to school next day. Mr. Simms at the lumber company's office subscribed for his daughter, and a friend who came in that evening took two subscriptions as birthday presents for two nieces living in other states. To make a long story short, in a month Jane had earned the money not only to buy all the equipment she needed, but to help with part of her expenses as well. "And just think" Jane said proudly at supper that evening, "I earned it myself!"

You, too, can earn your own camp equipment in this same easy, dignified, pleasant way. We invite you most heartily to join our "Earn-Your-Own" Club.

### EARN-YOUR-OWN CLUB

THE AMERICAN GIRL,  
670 Lexington Avenue, New York.

I want to become a member of the "Earn-Your-Own" Club, and earn money the way Jane did. Tell me how.

Name ..... Address .....

Town ..... State .....

June, '26

*Do you want to make yourself popular with the girls?*

**Old Colony Approvals:—**

at 50% discount, gladly sent to any Girl Scout, containing many unusual stamps, or unused British Colonies at 33% discount.

**PACKETS**—2,000 all different \$3.00; 1,000 varieties \$1.50; 500 varieties \$2.00; 100 varieties \$3.00; price list of sets, packets, albums, etc. sent on request.

**ALBUMS**—Imperial \$6.00; Modern \$2.00; International Junior \$3.00; all albums sent postpaid on receipt of price.

**WANT LISTS**—filled from a stock of 40,000 varieties.

We have always specialized in U. S. and British No. American stamps and are glad to show or quote prices on rarities.

**OLD COLONY STAMP CO.**

333 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

**FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET**

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbados (chariot and dying horses); Chili (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunisia (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent.

Pike's Peak Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important: If you write right now we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

**The Flying Triangle**

Every girl will want this beautiful Eagle triangle stamp! Write today for yours. It's Free! Ask for my one, two and five cent approvals.

H. E. Codwise Melrose Highlands, Mass.

**500 All Different—Only 25c**

Many unused and from British, French, Italian and Portuguese Colonies, Chile, Fiume, Guatemala, Persia, Siam, etc., to you APPROVAL APPLICANTS. 1000 diff. 75c; 1000 clean mixed 25c; 2000 diff. \$4.25; 100 diff. French Cols. 40c; 100 diff. Port. Cols. 50c; 100 diff. British Cols. 35c; Hinges 15c. per 1000. Our lists, full of bargains, are free. Write for special plan for buying collections up to 5000 diff. for only small payment down. It is a winner.

**VICTORIA STAMP CO.**

241 Queens Ave. Dept. 7 London, Canada

**Free Premium For Every One**

who writes for our United States and foreign approval books and sends his reference. We now have U. S. from one cent to several dollars per item. The stock is limited.

Reliance Stamp Co., Auburndale, Mass.

**MAGNIFICENT** set of White Russia or

Ukraine, 5c to all who send for stamps on approval.

WALTER C. MEYER, 524 E. 124 St., Cleve., O.

**Art Corner Your Pictures—Album**

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them alive!

**Engel**

5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply, and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write **ENGEL MFG. CO.** Dept. 4C 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

**10¢ Buys 100**

**MIDGET NAME CARDS**

Trade Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book**

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/2 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

**MIDGET CARD SHOP**

36 South 2nd St. Harrisburg, Pa.

**Stamp News In Brief**

By OSBORNE B. BOND

IN the *New York Times* for April seventh, a little news item told how a newspaper man in New York City had only just received a letter mailed to him over nine years before by a relative in Pforzheim, Germany. An accompanying letter explained that the communication had been carried by the only German submarine mail boat that was on its way to this country when the American declaration of war became imminent. The boat was warned of its danger and ordered back home lest it, together with its mail and cargo, be seized upon reaching American waters.

Whether the name of the U-boat was the Bremen or whether that was its port of departure is not clear from the marking of the letter. The envelope, marked "Tauchbootbrief," bears on the reverse side the U-boat mail stamp reading: "Bremen, T. B. (Tauchboot), D. O. R.", with the date, Feb. 3, 1917, and a picture of the German submarine. A similar stamp is on the face of the envelope, bearing a later date, Feb. 10 1917. On the face of the envelope, too, is the German post-office notation, which, translated, reads "RETURN—return to sender owing to discontinuance of submarine mail service." The postage was prepaid by a twenty pfennig German postage stamp of the old style. What a rare find this envelope would be to the specialist who collects unusual covers! We predict that this envelope will be worth many times over the amount of postage paid by the original sender.

**APPROVALS**

A frequent question asked me is: "What is meant by the word approval?"

No doubt you are constantly reading the offers of different dealers to send stamps on approval to you. They mean just this: When you send a request to a dealer for stamps on approval he first checks the reference which you send him. If this is satisfactory, he sends you about fifty or sixty stamps, all different. These are neatly mounted on sheets with the price of each stamp marked clearly below it. You then look over the stamps on these approval sheets and take off only those stamps which you need for your collection. If some of the stamps which the dealer has sent you duplicate stamps which you already have, you will leave them on the sheet to be returned. Of course you will not choose stamps that are heavily cancelled, badly centered or torn. After you have taken from the sheets those stamps which you require, you return the sheets to the dealer together with payment for the stamps removed. He then refills the blank spaces and the sheets are ready to go out again.

Editor's Note: Mr. Bond will answer your questions about stamps, if you will write him care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and enclose a stamped envelope. H. F.

**Own a National Album**

(New Edition Just Out)

This is an album that will make you proud to show your U. S. Collection. Bound in the best grade rich green cloth, gold stamped, printed on high grade specially made heavy linen paper with attractive border. The National contains spaces for every stamp listed as a major variety in the 1928 Scott's Catalogue, with the exception of match and medicine and U. S. possessions. (Includes postage, parcel post, official, Special Delivery, newspaper postage due, envelope, telegram, revenue and confederate.) This album is fully illustrated and every space is marked with the catalogue number of the stamp which goes in it. \$5.00 at your dealers or direct from the publishers (forwarding charges, 6 lbs. extra.)

**PACKET SUGGESTIONS**

No. 216—100 different U. S., \$1.00. No. 32—20 different U. S. Telegraph, \$1.00. No. 327—U. S. 65 different revenues, \$2.00. No. 8—1,000 different general collection, \$1.25. No. 335—12 different Syria, \$0.25. No. 334—Lebanon, 12 different, \$0.25. No. 147—Austria, 300 different, \$0.50.

80 page price list free on request.

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.**  
1 West 47th Street New York, N. Y.

**ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!**

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mime. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Extra premium this month only.

Nice pocket stock book, vol. 25c., with every order.

**ANCHER STAMP CO.**  
148a Clerk Street Jersey City, N. J.

**The Pathfinder Album,**

50 Stamps and 100 Hinges Free to all Girl Scouts. Send 10c to pay cost of postage and packing. Have you some stamps which you cannot classify? We will assist you.

C. H. Hollister Mukwonago, Wis.

**Girls, Don't Miss This!**

All stamps perfect and genuine on our

**1/2¢, 1¢ and 1 1/2¢**

**"Bargain" Approvals**

ALADDIN STAMP CO., HAMILTON, N. Y.

**PACKETS—12 different Palestine**

30c; 50 diff. Africa 25c; 50 diff. Asia 30c; 30 Straits 50c; 25 West Indies 25c; 20 Barbados 60c; 20 Br. Guiana 40c; 12 Belgian Congo 30c. SPECIAL 1000 diff. 89c. Fine Approvals also.

A. C. Douglas, Hawkesbury, Ont.

22 different stamps from Guatemala 25c  
25 " " " Peru 25c  
25 " " " China 25c  
25 " " " West Indies 25c

Buy all four and we will include 25 different stamps from Africa—FREE

**E. A. PUTNAM**  
54 West Main St. Malone, N. Y.

**Try My Packets:**

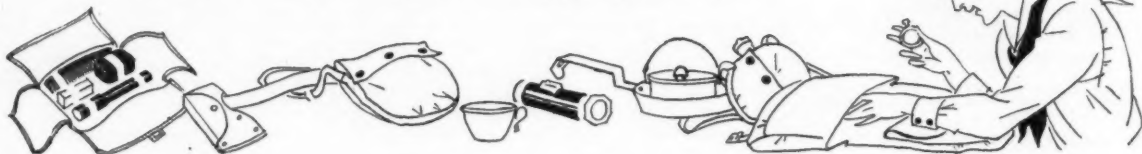
White Russia complete 10 var 8c, Ukraine 14 var 12c, Hungary 25 var 20c, Bavaria 50 var 40c, Germany 25 var 18c, Poland 35 var 30c, Roumania 20 var 25c, Austria 25 var 20c, French Col. 20 var 16c, Liechtenstein 12 var 10c, Europe 25 var 25c, Africa 25 var 23c, 100 diff. Europe & Colonials 75c. Approval Applicants who buy from this list receive a fine set of stamps FREE.

**FRANK H. EWING**  
2096 E. 89th St., Cleveland, Ohio

**FREE—DANDY PACKET, BIG LIST**  
Coupons, hinges with approvals for name. Address two collectors, 2c. postage. Special—10c. each—25 Asia-Africa; 25 So. Am.; 25 Europe; 25 Fr. Cols.; 25 Br. Cols.; 25 U. S. A.; 20 Australia; 10 Animal; 15 Pictures; 25 Finland, etc., 100 diff. Eleven 10c. Packets, \$1.  
U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.

Tell them about "The American Girl" 50c offer

# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective June 1, 1926

Uniforms		Size	Price
Long Coat .....	10-18	\$3.65	
	38-44	4.15	
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70	
	38-44	5.20	
Skirt .....	10-44	2.10	
Bloomers .....	10-44	1.85	
Knickers .....	10-44	2.15	
Middy—Official khaki..	10-42	1.75	
Norfolk Suit—Officers:			
Khaki, light weight...	32-44	8.00	
Serge .....	32-44	38.00	
Hat, Officer's .....	6 3/4-8	4.00	
Hat, Girl Scout's.....	6 1/2-8	1.60	
Web Belt .....	28-38	.65	
	40-46	.75	
Leather for officers.....	28-38	2.75	
	40-42	3.00	
Neckerchiefs, each .....		.45	
Bandeaux (to match			
neckerchiefs), each .....		.45	
Colors: green, purple, dark			
blue, light blue, brown, car-			
dinal, black, and yellow.			
Black Silk .....		2.00	
Green Silk .....		2.00	
Yellow Slickers .....	10-12	4.50	
	14-20	5.25	
Sweaters—Brown and			
Green Heather .....			
Coat Model .....	32-40	8.00	
Slipover Model .....	32-40	7.00	

## Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars .....	
Gold .....	\$0.20
Silver .....	.15
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Flower Crests .....	.15
†*Life Saving Crosses .....	
Silver .....	1.75
Bronze .....	1.50
† Proficiency Badges .....	.15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
†*Thanks Badge .....	
Heavy gold plate with bar....	3.00
10K Gold Pin.....	5.00
Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
Silver Plate .....	.75

## Insignia

	Price
† Armband .....	\$0.15
† Corporal's Chevron .....	.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron..	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's	
hat) .....	.50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts..	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron .....	.15

## Pins

	Price
† Brownie .....	\$0.25
† Committee .....	.75
†*Community Service .....	.35
†*Golden Eaglet .....	1.50
† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze .....	.50
† Tenderfoot Pins .....	
10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch)...	.75
New plain type .....	.15
Old style plain pin.....	.08
Midget gold filled .....	.50
Worn by officers or Girl	
Scouts when not in uniform	
Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

## Songs

	Price
America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment .....	.10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout.	.15
First National Training School..	.25
Girl Guide .....	.60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs .....	
Vocal Booklet .....	.10
Piano Edition .....	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
Lots of 10 or more.....	.03
Goodnight .....	.15
Hiking On .....	.30
Oh, Beautiful Country .....	.05
On the Trail: .....	
Piano edition .....	.40
Midget Size .....	.05
Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Onward .....	.15
To America .....	.25
Be Prepared—Girl Guide Song..	.35

## Flags

American Flags		Size	Material	Price
		2x3 ft.	Wool.....	\$2.80
		3x5 ft.	Wool.....	3.60
		4x6 ft.	Wool.....	4.60

## † Troop Flags

	Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2	x3 ft.	Wool....	\$2.60	10c per letter
2 1/2	x4 ft.	Wool....	4.20	15c " "
3	x5 ft.	Wool....	5.75	20c " "
4	x6 ft.	Wool....	8.50	20c " "

## † Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No.... \$1.50  
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter  
troop flags and pennants.

## † G. S. Felt Emblems

3x4 .....	35c
4x5 .....	40c
6x7 .....	45c
7x10 .....	55c

## Signal Flags

Flag Set .....

Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags, jointed	
6-ft. Staff .....	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
web carrying case .....	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff,	
jointed .....	.60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per	
pair .....	.75

## Staffs

7 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
G. S. Emblem .....	\$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle..	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear..	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate .....	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate .....	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate .....	1.60
Flag Carrier .....	2.60

## Literature

	Price
Brownie Books .....	\$0.25
Brownie Pamphlet .....	.15
Brownie Report .....	.75
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir) ..	2.00
Campward Ho! .....	.75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	.50
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout	
Year .....	.25
Community Service Booklet—	
Each .....	.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
First Aid Book—	
New Edition .....	1.05
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50
Girl Scout Handyfacts .....	2.35
Health Record Books, each ....	.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover .....	.80
English Girl Guide .....	.75

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.  
\* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

## Standard Price List Continued

## Literature (Continued)

	Price
Home Service Booklet, each ...	\$0.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop	
Pamphlet, each .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50
Knots, Hitches and Splices....	.55
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15

## Nature Program—

<i>A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work</i> .....	.20
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides	
Tenderfoot .....	.03
First Class and Rambler....	.05
Second Class and Observer...	.10
Per set of 3.....	.15

## Nature Projects—

<i>Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover</i> .....	1.50
Projects, each .....	.40
Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet .....	.10
Star Project .....	.20
Ye Andree Logge .....	.75

## Pageant—

<i>Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each</i> .....	.50
<i>Patrol Register, each</i> .....	.15
<i>Patrol System for Girl Guides..</i>	.25

## Plays—

<i>Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each</i> .....	.15
<i>How St. John Came to Bencer's School</i>	
<i>A Pot of Red Geraniums</i>	
<i>Why the Rubbish?</i>	
<i>Everybody's Affair</i>	
<i>When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottkey)</i>	
<i>Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)</i>	
Above six, each.....	.15
Lots of ten or more, each....	.10

## Post Cards—

<i>Set of Six (Silhouette).....</i>	.10
1 dozen sets .....	1.00
<i>Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken).....</i>	.15
1 dozen sets .....	1.50
Building .....	2 for .05
<i>Washington Little House (Exterior)</i> .....	.02
<i>Washington Little House (Doorway)</i> .....	.02
<i>Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)</i> .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50
<i>Girl Scout's Promise</i> .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50

## Series of Law Cards

	Price
Per hundred .....	\$4.50
<i>"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"</i>	
<i>"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"</i>	
<i>"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"</i>	
<i>"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"</i>	
Any of above, each .....	.03
Per hundred .....	2.50

## Posters—

<i>New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼</i> .....	.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
<i>Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)</i> .....	.15
<i>Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16</i> .....	.15
Per hundred .....	10.00
<i>Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11..</i>	.10
Per hundred .....	8.00

## Scout Laws

Size 14 x 19.....	.30
Size 9 x 11.....	.10

## Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris).....

	2.50
Scout Mastership .....	1.50
Short Stories for Girl Scouts....	2.00
Tree Marker (not engraved)...	8.00
Troop Management Course .....	.75
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size) .....	2.05

## Additional Sheets

Cash Record	
(15 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.
Treasurer's Monthly Record	
(30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
(15 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.
Individual Record	
(30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.
Troop Advancement Record	
	.3c. a sheet
Troop Reports	
(30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.

## Miscellaneous

	Price
Axe, with Sheath .....	\$1.85
Belt Hooks, extra .....	.05
Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair	5.50
4-pound grey .....	6.50
Bugle .....	5.00
Braid—¼-inch wide, yard .....	.10
† Buttons—Per set .....	.25
10s—6 L to set—dozen sets..	2.75
Camp Toilet Kit .....	2.35
Canteen, Aluminum .....	2.75
Canteen, Tin .....	2.00
Compass, Plain .....	1.00
Radiolite Dial .....	1.50

## Cuts

	Price
<i>Running Girl</i> .....	\$1.00
<i>Trefoil</i> .....	.75
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.50
<i>Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra..</i>	.50
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Small size .....	1.35
Large size .....	1.70
Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:	
Linen .....	.35
Box of three .....	1.00
Cotton .....	.20
Box of six .....	1.00
Haversacks, No. 1 .....	3.00
No. 2 .....	2.00
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair .....	.25
1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide .....	.40
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide .....	.60
Knives, No. 1.....	1.60
No. 2 .....	1.05
Sheath Knife .....	1.60
Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces..	3.00
Mirror—Unbreakable .....	.25

## † Patterns—

<i>Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42</i>	.15
<i>Norfolk Suit, 34-44</i> .....	.25
Poncho (45x72) .....	3.50
Poncho (60x82) .....	4.75
Rings, Silver, 3 to 9 .....	1.50
10K Gold, 3 to 9 .....	4.00
Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt....	.50
Serge O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard .....	4.75
Sewing Kit, Tin Case .....	.25
Aluminum Case .....	.50
Girl Scout Stationery .....	.55
Girl Scout Stickers—Each....	.01
Per dozen .....	.10
Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11..	.55
Sun Watch .....	1.00
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold) .....	.02
3 for .....	.05
12 for .....	.15
100 for .....	1.00
Thread, Khaki spool .....	.15
Per dozen spools .....	1.20

## † Uniform Make-up Sets—

<i>Long Coat Uniform</i> .....	.70
1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
<i>Two-piece Uniform</i> .....	.85
1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Skirt Pattern	
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Whistles .....	.20
Wrist Watch, Radiolite .....	4.50

## Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
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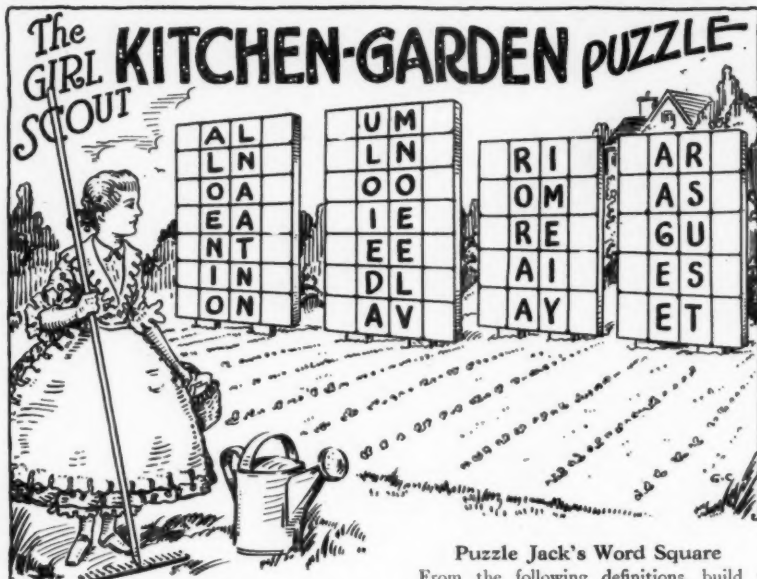
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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### A Kitchen-Garden Puzzle

Puzzled Jill has a little garden patch of her own out at her uncle's farm, and this year she has decided to plant part of it with vegetables.

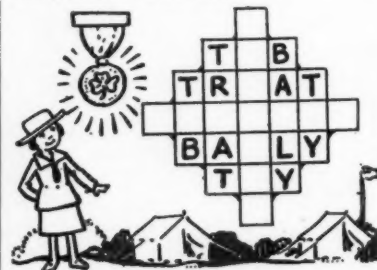
At the end of each row we see a sign with queer letter combinations and many empty spaces. This type of puzzle we call acrostics and by putting the proper words in the blank spaces reading downwards we will have true words reading across.

In this case we have for answers the names of the vegetables which Jill will have in her garden. Indeed, one is such a favorite that it appears twice, but that does not matter, as it is combined with a different vegetable.

### Hidden Girls' Names

A girl's name is concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. The old hunter told them many interesting things about woodcraft.
2. Girl Scouts who read their Manual are sure to get helpful information.
3. It was the custom by that camp-fire to have each of the new girls tell a story.
4. Among their provisions they had a ham and a generous quantity of beans.
5. We saw the place where they made linen and other useful fabrics.



### A Word Diamond

The above puzzle was published by mistake in April with the wrong explanation. Here is the correct one:

Fill the blank spaces with a word meaning a reward (such as your merit badge), so that the other letters will make true words reading both ways.

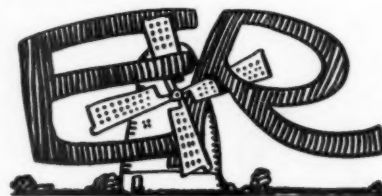
### Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions, build up a five-letter word square:

- A broom.
- Additional.
- A step.
- Large bay window.
- Containing marl.

### Drop a Letter

1. Drop a letter from a word meaning a single seed and leave an advantage.
2. Drop a letter from your backbone and leave the act to draw out and twist into thread.
3. Drop a letter from a color and leave the smallest particle.
4. Drop a letter from a bend and leave someone who prepares food.



### A Girl Scout Rebus

The above picture represents the name of a subject for which a Girl Scout can win a merit badge.

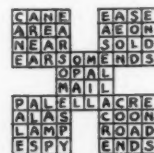
## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE MAGAZINE PUZZLE: 1. Stories. 2. Poetry. 3. Pictures. 4. Puzzle Pack. 5. Scribe's Corner. 6. Recipes. 7. Editor's Trail. 8. Scout News. 9. Periodicals.

DROP A LETTER: 1. Badger-badger. 2. Paint-paint. 3. Strain-stain. 4. Tweak-teak.

A WORD DIAMOND: Georgia.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:



Stunts and styles and garden sticks in July

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Raincoat.....	12	9
Coat Sweater.....	20	15
Slip over Sweater.....	18	14
Song Book.....	1	
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Troop Flag.....	14	11
Troop Pennant.....	4	3
Flag Carrier.....	7	5
Flag Set.....	3	2
Staffs (jointed with spiral G.S. emblem).....	17	13
(Jointed with eagle).....	12	9
(Jointed with spear).....	9	7
G. S. Emblem.....	9	7
Eagle Emblem.....	7	5
Spear Emblem.....	4	3
Camping Out.....	5	4
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Blankets.....	16	12
Bugle.....	12	9
Toilet Kit.....	6	5
Canteen (aluminum).....	7	5
Canteen (tin).....	5	4
Compass (plain).....	3	2
Compass (radiolite).....	4	3
First Aid Kit (small).....	3	2
First Aid Kit (large).....	7	5
Flashlight (small).....	3	2
Flashlight (large).....	4	3
Handkerchief.....	1	
Haversack (small).....	5	4
Haversack (large).....	7	5
Knife (sheath).....	4	3
Knife (large).....	4	3
Knife (small).....	3	2
Mess Kit.....	9	7
Poncho (small—45x72).....	9	7
Poncho (large—60x80).....	12	9
Ring (silver).....	4	3
Ring (gold).....	10	8
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